JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI. 1987

3D EVERY THURSDAY

PLAN FOR PROSPERITY by the EDITOR

BOMBING ROMMEL DIZZY

ON THE RUN... by A.G.G.

Children first please!

A small quantity of Cadburys Milk Chocolate has been made. All the food value of the milk is in it—a glass and a half to every half-pound. Supplies are limited but are being distributed fairly in the areas we supply. When your turn comes, please remember that growing children need this extra nourishment most.

CADBURYS

Milk Chocolate

My goodness-

You've had something worth drinking when you've had a Guinness

G.E.1224.C

THEY'RE ALL IN THE BISCUIT

ALL food consists in the main of carbo-hydrates, proteins and fats, though not many foods contain all three.

During the war the Scientists of the Ministry of Food have been guiding our steps with rationing so that we all get the right quantity of each. Our own instinct has helped, too, and that may be one reason why we have asked our shopkeepers so many times, and with such regularity, for biscuits.

The three essentials to energy are all present in a biscuit. In fact, on this count it would be difficult to find another food to compare with them.

So share the biscuits round while they're in short supply.

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVB-95

CHAMPION'S MALT VINEGAR

Mature & Mellow

Established since 1705

CHAMPION & SLEE LTD.
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FOOD FACTS

Rationing Reminders

Here is the latest Rationing Communiqué from the Ministry of Food. It deals with a number of points important to a great many people—and there is sure to be a message for *you* among them.

New Ration Books by post in Special Cases

If for any reason it is impossible for you to apply personally (or through a friend) for your new Ration Book you will be able to get it by post. Watch for local advertisements giving the earliest date on which postal application may be made. If you have to apply by post you must send your present Ration Book (after filling in page 3), and your Identity Card (be sure you have signed it), to the Food Office. *These documents are valuable and must be sent by registered post.* The Ministry of Food will not accept responsibility for them otherwise. Your Identity Card and Ration Books will be returned by registered post and cannot be handed to anyone calling at the Food Office.

Have you Re-registered yet?

The distribution of the new Ration Books is going exceedingly well and the majority of the books have now been issued. Please help still further by re-registering with retailers as quickly as possible after getting your new books.

When you buy Jam

Please, whenever possible, buy your jam in 2 lb. jars instead of the 1 lb. size. Less time and labour is involved in packing jam in the larger size. So, whenever you can, try to buy your jam 2 lbs. at a time.

Priority Eggs for Babies

All babies from six to eighteen months can get eggs at the rate of three a week.

BREAD

Bread should be kept wrapped in a clean cloth on a shelf, or in a clean, dry, ventilated bin. Allow new bread to become quite cold before putting it away.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 209B

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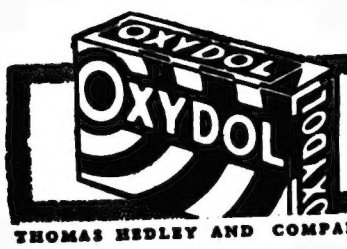
Clothes wear out in the washtub — unless you use Oxydol, the famous granulated soap. For it's only in Oxydol that you get the famous Busy Bubble lather that washes clothes spanking clean in a safe and gentle way — without hard rubbing and scrubbing. Use Oxydol and banish washtub wear and tear — and so save clothes coupons every washday.



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WE ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE

In Peace time it is 'Golden Shred'

Now it's J.R JELLY MARMALADE

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's a Robertson Product

- you can depend on it

JAMES ROBERTSON & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
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When you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks also go to hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 15, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

COMING SHORTLY

VERY soon there will be fighting on German soil.

The outer defences have crumbled. The West Wall, the Hitler Line and the Fatherland Line have been broken; powerful fortresses have been captured, and Germany is now running short of space as well as time.

She has long lost the initiative. Now she is losing room to manœuvre.

New Maps Wanted

With swift, bold strokes the map of the Russian front is being re-drawn.

Marshal Govorov and Gen. Meretskov are sweeping north into Finland. There is no hope for the Finns!

By one of the greatest victories in history, Marshal Rokossovsky and Gen. Cherniakhovsky's forces have made certain the fall of the Baltic States.

Record for Speed

Marshal Zhukov is ready to drive into the centre of Poland. On the southern front, the enemy has little prospects of preventing an inrush into Rumania and Hungary.

Fleets of Stormoviks are dive-bombing without pause or interference. Mobile artillery is keeping pace with cavalry and infantry. At some points, Russian tanks have advanced eighty miles in two days!

In the Bag

Almost inevitably, more German divisions must fall into our Ally's ingenious trap; the average of 10,000 prisoners a day may yet be exceeded. And it will be interesting to watch the effect on German troops elsewhere when they learn that the Russians are upon the East Prussian border.

Here is a chance for our propaganda services!

Into France

According to the enemy, Montgomery is waiting for Gen. "Blood-and-Guts" Patton's army group to land before striking into the interior of France. He allowed Rommel to expend strength in furious but unsuccessful counter-attacks. And, while pinning down the German armour round Caen, he made it possible for Gen. Bradley's American force to advance down the west coast.

Our Luck

Last week, there might have been disappointment because the Canadians were forced to yield ground.

They had no air support. Yet we are not short of aircraft, even though strong forces have had to be diverted to deal with the flying-bomb. The trouble was that we ran up against our worst enemy—weather.

Rommel's Strength

To say this is not to under-rate the picked troops serving Rommel's new master, Von Kluge. He must have some 250,000 of them ranged along a narrow sector. But we appear to have superiority in men, artillery and equipment.

The Sherman tank is said to be not so heavily-armoured as the enemy's Tiger and Panther. But the German tank crews fear our anti-tank guns.

On the whole, our prospects in Normandy are bright.

Triumphant

In Italy, they glitter so strongly as to dazzle Kesselring. His rearguard stands are futile, and he must know it. The battle for Italy is already won; Alexander's campaign has been one of the most skilful and triumphant ever known.

The worst that Kesselring can do, it seems, is to burn eighteen villages to deter those very gallant friends of ours, the Partisans.

One-Third

Now look at that ubiquitous battle-front, the sky. General Arnold reveals that Allied bombs have reduced Germany's petrol production and bomber output to one-third of the planned capacity.

And whereas 600 German fighters used to meet Allied attacks on targets within the Reich, nowadays it is rare for more than a hundred to rise in order to be shot down.

Turkish Bases?

Moreover, our air power in the Mediterranean is now so massive that it should not be necessary to bring further pressure on Turkey to grant us bases from which to attack the Balkans.

At this phase of the war, indeed, we should neither cajole nor intimidate the neutrals—we need be "tough" with them only if they actively assist our enemies.

Word to Mr. Eden

These remarks apply particularly to Spain. It is hard to share Mr. Eden's conviction that German technicians are working in Spain merely in the interests of that country, and that the war materials they produce will not be exported to Germany.

Again, has Mr. Eden good reason to be satisfied with the attitude of Argentina?

Stalin Speaks

Mr. Stalin is more realistic. According to Father Orlemanski, the American priest who visited him recently, he believes that Germany will again threaten aggression a few years after this war has been won.

Therefore he favours a strong Poland, not necessarily Communistic, in which the people will decide their own form of government. And we imagine that he will go further—and desire a strong *world* organisation in which all civilised nations will collaborate to maintain peace.

Black Summer

These are grim days for the aggressors at the other side of the world. The British are throwing the last Japanese out of Assam, the Americans are battling across Saipan and have landed on another Pacific island, Japanese ships are being sunk by the score.

Even the German radio correspondent in Tokyo agrees with A. G. Gardiner's recent hint that the decisive battle in the Pacific may be fought this summer. By now our American friends must have dozens of aircraft-carriers ready for the fray!

Production Slump

But over-confidence might be one of our worst obstacles to speedy success.

It is disappointing to read of serious deficits in American war production, including items urgently required for the battle areas. It is significant that General Somervell, Chief of U.S. Supply Services, has urged Americans to put off "fishing trips" till victory has been secured.

Were We Ready?

To be fair, it is no less important that we in this country should avoid taking the war's course for granted.

Thus, despite the Prime Minister's statement on the flying bomb, some of us may feel that our defence arrangements were by no means adequate during the early days of the latest campaign of Nazi terrorism.

What Is It?

Certainly we should not be taken by surprise if the enemy is able to use yet another weapon against this country.

Great white scars on the French coast have become visible from our shores. One appears to resemble an entrance to a large railway tunnel; is it in preparation for the launching of "V2" projectiles?

Red Summer

At any rate, there is no doubt that this will be a blood-red summer. Hard and costly days lie ahead for all our fighting men; ordeals confront our civilians; London will remain in the firing line.

But—and what a "but"!—to sustain us there is the patent fact that the war is in its final phase.

Harvest Hopes

Even in rural Britain the summer will be the busiest ever known. "This year's harvest is vital; we must spare no effort to get it safely gathered in," as the Minister of Agriculture has said.

Yet labour is scarce, and no longer can the Army lend men to the farmers. The more reason, therefore, to discourage such fire-eaters as Home Guard Colonel W. J. Taylor, who declares that all young men still on the land should be in the Army.

JOHN BULL imagines that Mr. Bevin and Mr. Hudson are better qualified to judge how essential workers should be employed.

After the War

And most of us will agree with Lord Woolton that after the war it will be necessary to retain control over raw materials to prevent violent rises in prices and the manufacture of non-essential goods.

As Lord Addison added, the Government must be deaf to the clamorous demands of Big Business for an instant end to the controls. "Each for himself and let the Devil take the hindmost" would be disastrously Bad Business for the ordinary people of Britain.

Bill to Kill

As an example of misplaced deference to vested interests, and of thoroughly bad planning, the Government's own Town and Country Planning Bill is pre-eminent.

Local authorities and unprejudiced men of all Parties have endorsed the criticism with which JOHN BULL greeted its introduction.

It deserves to be killed outright; yet if this were done there would be no time to bring in its successor during the present Parliamentary session.

(Continued overleaf)

FIVE YEARS' HARD

● To be frank, they do things better in the American Army.

There the standard period for foreign service is two years.

Here it is five years.

So long a period is hard on the soldiers and hard on their wives or sweethearts.

Perhaps it is also hard to say that five or more years' absence results in the wrecking of marriages, but that is the ugly truth—and it is time the War Office faced it.

Fortunately, the War Office is being made to look at the facts without blinking. We are told that it hopes to continue granting home leave to men who have served overseas. Indeed, it is actually reconsidering the whole matter.

Which is just as well.

For, despite all our difficulties of transport and manpower, an effort should be made to reduce foreign service to the American standard.

The time has gone when a soldier was regarded merely as a cog in a great and intricate machine. He must now be treated for what he is—a man with home responsibilities.

"MY SON AND I—

are very grateful," writes Mrs. M. G. Bevan, of South Wales, in acknowledging cheque received from "John Bull" in respect of her late husband who was killed in a recent raid.

Readers not yet registered under "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance, underwritten at Lloyd's can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER —Continued from preceding page

QUESTIONED what the Government was doing about the flying bomb, Mr. Churchill is reported to have answered "Everything in human power."

It would be comforting to have similar assurance in connection with other lesser problems which are troubling the people.

Delays

Unfortunately, too many urgent matters are allowed to drift. Otherwise we should have had some quick and definite steps to stop the profiteering that always arises out of other people's misfortune.

The Minister of Health has had a grand excuse (if he needed one) to check the racketeering landladies.

Opportunism

In the last few days JOHN BULL reporters back from the country, have given some accounts of abominable opportunism. The police at Leamington and Warwick, for instance, have been given extra work trying to find shelter for people who could not pay the fantastic rents demanded by local landladies.

In one case a woman asked £2 5s. a week for a small double room with a folding bedchair and little else in it. She got the money from a mother with a six-year-old child and a baby.

It's Intolerable

Why is there still no protection for tenants of furnished lodgings? None of the repeated exposures in JOHN BULL, or the publicity in the newspapers, or questions in Parliament, have brought about any official scheme to stamp out and punish the thousands of inflationist landlords. In ordinary times the scandal was bad enough. Recent circumstances have made it intolerable.

Good Show

How marvellously our American visitors have been showing up. Months ago, before the Doughboys got properly into the fight, a famous American radio commentator made a crack against his own countrymen when he said the British soldiers were wondering "How Green is my Ally."

That would be all out of date now even if the Americans had not taken Cherbourg or been in at the fall of Rome.

Point Duty

It's been a comforting sight to see American military police directing traffic in the London streets after the fall of a flying explosive. It's even been comforting to see American troops calmly drinking our precious bottled beer while the Nazi monstrosities have been burring overhead.

Outside Work

And now back to accommodation problems for a moment. . . . A Woolwich man who's been nearly five years on active service got married three months ago. He wrote to the authorities of his native borough to have his name put down on the waiting list for a house.

Back came a formal reply to say a tenancy could not be offered to "persons resident and employed outside the borough." The applicant is "employed" in the Royal Navy. He feels that until they start to fight the war in the streets of Woolwich he and his wife will be adrift.

Chair for a Bed

In Scotland the housing position is as bad as ever. While Perth was saluting the soldier recently—and especially men of the County regiment the Black Watch—a discharged soldier of the regiment could not find a bed to lie on.

He came out of the Army two years ago after being seriously injured. All he could find for himself, his wife and three children was a small attic room 13 ft. by 9½ ft. This soldier, with leg and back injuries, has to sleep in an armchair.

"Lesson" for—

If you've ever kept a public-house does it mean you ought never again to have anything to do with young people? Some members of Aberdeen Education Committee apparently think so. A teacher in the Navy who became a licensee when school jobs were difficult to get has just had his application for a civilian teaching job turned down.

Too many busy war-workers are giving their children picture money and expecting someone else to act as guardians for an evening. Grown-ups, especially in the north, are being pestered by hordes of children at cinema doors who want to be taken into an "A" film. Once inside the children leave their "adults" and so make a mockery of the law. It's time there was some tightening up.

These children are "playing fair" with the law. But many don't!

—the Teacher

One of the Education Committee members—a teetotaler—thought the man was a most suitable candidate. But Professor T. M. Taylor said the suggestion that he should be given the job filled him with dismay and anger.

Professors are notoriously absent-minded; we are both amazed and dismayed to find one of them can be so small-minded.

Not so Slow

Sometimes it seems quite wrong to attack local authorities for slowness in their administration. They are not always slow. When a man reaches the age of sixty-five and his insurance contributions of 1s. 10d. a week cease automatically, local councils are often very quick to notice the fact.

Bit Knocked Off

The acting surveyor of Evesham Rural District Council has just written to a reader to say that Highways employees over sixty-five are to receive 1s. a week less than the standard rate of wages because they are getting pensions and don't have to pay the 1s. 10d. insurance.

Up in Smoke

In the Swansea district old cars have been collected on a piece of waste ground. The wood is taken from them, stacked in a corner and burnt. One of the bonfires the other morning lasted two and a half hours.

People living close by have asked the foreman in charge if they could buy some of the wood for household repairs or for fuel. "Oh, no," was the answer, "we've got to burn it. It's a Government order."

Too Many Stripes

At a civil defence depot we've just heard about there's a superintendent, two party leaders and two supervisors. They're all getting over £5 a week. Personnel consists of three men.

It's only fair to say that a number of volunteers come in on a rota basis. But they have a good proportion of "stripe" men, so why should the permanent staff have so many officers?

Forbidden Fruit

Huge quantities of bilberries are going to rot in the West Somerset hills this year. Before the war, pickers got as much as 1s. 8d. lb. for the fruit. In 1941 the top price was 3s. 3d. "Growers'" price is now controlled at 9d. The pickers think that just isn't worth it. Bilberry-gathering means a long trek into the country and hours of very tedious work. It seems that the price has been pitched too low.

Those Travel Cuts

Several railwaymen have written to criticise a suggestion made on this page the other week that the issue of free travel passes should be revised in view of the appeals to cut down travel. For some reason or other our correspondents have taken this as a slight on their work for the war effort.

Let's make it clear that we put railwaymen very high indeed on the list of war-workers. There's never been the slightest doubt of that.

Off the Rails?

Our idea was that free travel for employees might well be reduced considering the cut made in travel for Servicemen's wives. All those who have written against this emphasise that they are far too busy to take advantage of the free passes. Which makes it difficult to understand why they object to a temporary reduction.

Street Trick

In a Darlington street the other day a correspondent was stopped by an athletic young stranger and asked for change for a 10s. note. He could not oblige. The young man stopped someone else, got his silver and ran off with it and the note as well.

His victim, an elderly man, hadn't a hope of catching him. Our correspondent, who had been chosen as the original victim, couldn't do anything. He's a cripple. The young rogue had picked his prey carefully.

Cab Kindliness

And now, to end, a story which contrasts pleasantly with common reports on the war time taxi-driver.

A colleague who often takes a taxi from Balham Station to his flat was hailed in the West End the other day by a driver he knew and told to jump in. When they got home—and the driver went the whole distance—he refused to take any fare. "I was going to Balham, anyway," he argued.

Open-House in War Time Harrogate

A MIDDLE-AGED Yorkshireman made up his mind to undertake a unique form of war-work.

To carry it out, it meant limiting sleep to about two hours each night, because the men he wanted to help would be needing him most in the hours of darkness.

Until the war, "Billy" Dale, as he is known affectionately, ran a comfortable private hotel for invalids visiting Harrogate for the waters.

When hostilities began, Billy threw the entire house open for the lads of the Allied Forces coming on leave. There was to be no profit on the very small charge for bed and a good breakfast served and cooked by Billy himself—served well in time for each man to catch train or 'bus back to camp when necessary.

Many men have entered this house on the Esplanade without any money at all! But they have got their bed, and breakfast, just the same—and money enough to take them back to camp.

★ ★ ★

The doors are never locked, and the first thing a soldier or seaman says when he enters is "Where's Billy?"

Up to the present, this Yorkshireman—he was born in the lovely Cleveland Hills district—has entertained well over 35,000 guests in this way. When the twenty beds are taken, the rest just roll up in warm blankets on the thick carpets for a sleep.

Fifty a night—the number recently has often been seventy—is an average, with as many as eighteen different nationalities, white and coloured, forming what Billy calls his "happy family."

Hundreds of souvenir photos line the walls of rooms. A pile of visitors' books have been written with messages of gratitude by these lads from Australia, Canada, United States, Jamaica, Belgium, Greece, Poland, Holland, India, Cairo, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Czechoslovakia, and so on.

I could have spent hours reading these messages.

One Polish soldier wrote that he could forget the barbarities he had witnessed in his own land when he felt the kindness and fellowship offered by Billy.

Many of the messages are in the writers' own language, but the keynote of all is the same—gratitude for a helping hand, and for friendship in what is often an agony of loneliness.

When they are away, these men write to Billy and his sister, Mrs. G. Oakley, who alone helps him in the running of the house. The letters come, too, from the men's wives, mothers, sweethearts and other relatives in this country and across the seas, all saying the same—"Thank you and God bless you."

★ ★ ★

On top of all the catering, cooking and personal waiting on his guests, Billy finds time to visit the wounded in hospital. Also—when there are any surplus funds—there are visits to shows for parties of the men, or picnics to some of Yorkshire's finest beauty spots.

One great hope underlies all Billy's work. It is the promoting of international friendship and understanding. You can see this desire burning in his eyes as he talks to you with pride of his "boys" and their achievements.

Shy about talking of himself, he tells you he is just trying to do a little towards "creating a new spirit in the after-war world."

ENA FITZGERALD MACMILLAN

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

PLAN FOR PROSPERITY

NOW the war nears its end there is increasing need to prepare for the convalescence of civilisation.

For the world is grievously sick of a wasting fever and cannot be restored to health without wise and patient nursing even after the crisis is passed.

The international Monetary Conference now in session at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, like the Hot Springs Conference before it, has been convened to study the possibility of what may be termed economic blood transfusion.

Its chairman, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Secretary to the U.S. Treasury, begs his fellow experts, representing more than forty nations, to remember that there is no such thing as purely local poverty of the blood.

In other words, he focuses their attention upon two economic truths of fundamental importance.

First: "Prosperity is not a finite substance to be diminished by division; on the contrary, the more of it that other nations enjoy, the more each nation will have for itself."

Second: "Poverty, wherever it exists, is menacing to us all and undermines the well-being of each of us. It can no more be localised than war, but spreads and saps the economic strength of all the more favoured nations of the earth."

It is because these truths have been so long and so generally ignored that mankind suffered long before 1939 from the pernicious anæmia of mass unemployment and widespread distress.

And the chief lesson which this terrible world conflict impresses upon all the world's leaders who are willing to learn is that, if we hope to return to peace and prosperity, the nations of the earth must have "a common economic objective."

That particular phrase has just been used by Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister of Aircraft Production.

"We must," he declares, "have some minimum of methods agreed by which we can attain world prosperity not as individual nations, but as a world community."

IN varying terms, the chief leaders of the United Nations almost all endorsed the same idea.

And JOHN BULL has supported it consistently with our slogan: "Co-operation, not competition."

When it comes to that "minimum of methods" upon which the United Nations *must* agree, we hold that prosperity will depend in the main upon two factors—Development and distribution.

Economists of all countries are at one in the belief that the earth's natural resources, properly developed and adequately distributed, are amply sufficient for man's needs.

"A political democracy, if it is to last, must be built on solid economic ground," Senator Harley Kilgore has told the Americans. "That economic ground can only be the co-operation of free nations in developing the resources of the entire world.

"We cannot tolerate the Germanic cartel approach, the grabbing up of the world's resources. We cannot tolerate the exploitation of the many for the benefit of the few. . . ."

Senator Kilgore also uttered a warning against "blind opposition to cartels" without offering any positive programme for international trade and development.

"There is a third alternative to the cartel approach and the anti-cartel approach—it is the alternative of economic co-operation. The only common ground for a durable peace is orderly economic expansion based upon clear political understandings."

It was evident long before the war that world trade could no longer be based on exchanges between a few highly mechanised countries, such as Britain, America, Germany and Japan, and all the rest of the less, but, nevertheless, growingly, industrial peoples.

Hence the wild scramble for export markets; hence the furious competition to capture and monopolise economic territory.

Great Britain has not faced this changing situation as she should have done. But she must face it now.

For never again shall we be able to export so high a proportion of the world's manufactured goods as we did at the beginning of the century.

Instead of competing furiously for the shrinking custom of old markets, we must make new ones.

We must develop "backward countries" and raise their standard of living so that they can provide both a new outlet for our goods and new sources of raw materials.

There is no cause to be afraid of this changed situation. The world's requirements can absorb the world's output—and we are more fortunate than some other countries because of the vast demand we could stimulate and satisfy within our own Commonwealth, in India, Africa, the West Indies, and so on.

JOHN BULL favours the setting up of some international authority such as the Development Commission advocated by the World Trade Alliance Association.

The general plans of this Association also include some international banking scheme, such as is being studied now at Bretton Woods, a co-operative world control of basic prices and locally "surplus" commodities and, above all, a sensible system of world distribution so that all peoples can obtain the goods they need when they need them.

And so that there should no longer be any temptation to cut-throat competition among the steamship lines and the air and rail combines!

The Bretton Woods Conference is trying to meet just one of these requirements in its attempt to clear up the world's muddled finances by way of the White or Keynes Plans, and one of the three committees is considering the proposed organisation for a World Bank.

But we must have *some* international control of money and exchange, together with the establishment of *some* international development fund to keep backward countries during the period of reconstruction.

And there is good reason to take a hopeful view of the world's economic future.

We have proof that international collaboration, even upon intricate economic subjects, *can* be secured.

At Hot Springs the United Nations did, in fact, reach agreement upon a general food policy for the world. And U.N.R.R.A., the co-operative organisation for the relief and rehabilitation of the war-stricken European peoples, is an extension of the neighbourly principles of Lend-Lease from war to peace.

Then there is the accomplished fact of the Wheat Convention approved two years ago by the Governments of Argentina, Australia, Canada, the United States, and the United Kingdom.

It will be followed up, we hope and believe, by the equally successful handling of this basic commodity by the post-war International Wheat Council, whose object it will be to secure stable prices and equitable distribution of supplies to *all* peoples and to avoid those disastrous gluts which in former years made men pray for bad harvests!

BUT what fools—what blind and selfish fools—we mortal men have been! We have ploughed good food back into the land while our neighbours went hungry; we have burned crops to keep up prices while strong men looked for work; we have thrown great catches of fish into the sea.

And, in the ten years before this world war, there was never a year in which rubber did not double its price at one date as compared with another; never a single year when any essential commodity was not subject to similarly disastrous and crazy fluctuation in money values!

It needs nothing but international good will and international common-sense to secure the post-war world against all such madness.

The great business cartels, though acting from purely selfish motives, have proved how easy it is to eliminate competition, regulate output and control prices.

But where *they* tended to restrict production and exploit the consumer, international co-operation would seek to expand world trade and distribute plenty to all mankind.

The United Nations are winning the war solely because they have recognised their dependence upon one another and acted together for the fulfilment of the common task.

And they can win the peace no less decisively if they continue to work in co-operation and not in futile competition.

Where Allied Armies Are Heading

MUCH will depend on where the Allied armies first set foot on German territory.

There is a vast difference between the prize of East Prussia, for which the Russians seem to be heading, and Austria—which is almost within reach of General Alexander's forces.

Each of these immediate objectives demands a different approach.

The Russians know that East Prussia is probably the hardest German province to crack. But they realise, too, that if they polish off East Prussia the whole of Germany is finished.

* * *

It is from East Prussia that Junker militarism springs and draws strength.

It is more fiercely nationalistic than other German States. Separated from the main body of Germany by the "Polish Corridor," it has long delighted in war propaganda.

The East Prussian farmers are tough and brutal, unimaginative and accustomed to obey orders. A stiff fight awaits the Russians when they meet them and the *Wehrmacht* on home ground

But, I repeat, once this fight is won it will be the end of Germany.

Whereas Austria is the "Sicily of Germany," with which it has traditionally and historically as little in common as Sicily has with Italy.

The inference is that Austria would fall like a ripe plum into the hands of the Allied armies once they cross its frontier.

But the Germans know this possibility as well as we do

Though proclaiming Austria as part of Germany, they are in fact trying to meet the danger of an Austrian repetition of Sicily by treating Austria as an occupied country.

It is now more strongly garrisoned than any part of Germany. It has been crammed with *Gestapo* officials and Prussian emigrants; control of public, industrial and even private affairs is completely in Prussian hands.

The Austrian people, experienced in the art of opposition and revolt, do not take these Nazi measures lying down.

* * *

While Prussians of the Eastern borderland still look to Koenigsberg, their capital, and beyond to Berlin, Austrians are already flirting with the approaching Allied armies in Italy.

Some of them have joined Tito's guerillas Others are reported to be in action with the Partisans in Northern Italy. All of them dislike the *Wehrmacht*, for which their country now provides a principal base.

But it does not matter whether the East Prussians try to fight it out, or whether the Austrians decide to give in once their country threatens to become a battlefield.

Whether the blow comes from East or South—or from the West for that matter—it will smash the whole of Germany.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

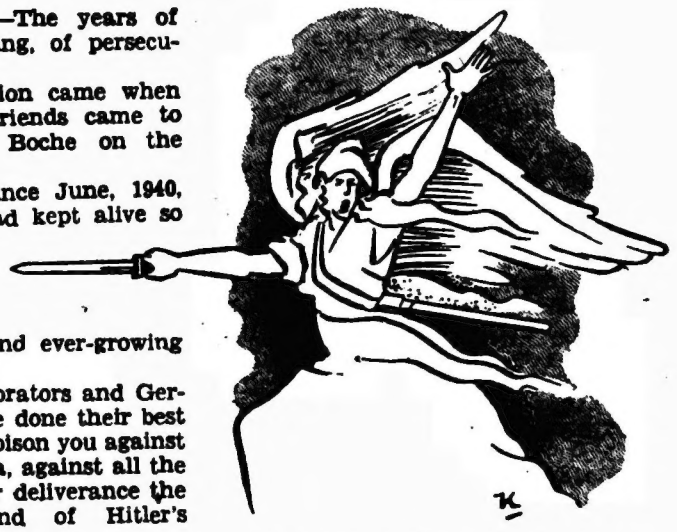
OPEN LETTERS

THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE

MY DEAR ALLIES.—The years of waiting, of suffering, of persecution are nearly over.

The dawn of Liberation came when your Anglo-American friends came to grips with the hated Boche on the Normandy beaches.

For the first time since June, 1940, the hope which you had kept alive so secretly and so stubbornly in the inner places of the heart began to burn with a steadier and ever-growing flame.



"Allons enfants de la patrie. Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

For four years collaborators and German propagandists have done their best to poison your soul, to poison you against Britain, against America, against all the nations who see in your deliverance the beginning of the end of Hitler's dominance of Europe.

Since those shameful days of the Armistice, when a France divided against itself, and wholly unprepared to stem the steel-clad might of Germany, had to eat the bread of bitter humiliation, some 120,000 of your friends, your sons, your husbands, your fathers, have fallen before the German firing squads.

The sound of those executions will never die.

It echoes ever through your minds, and your hearts. And in the French Forces of the Interior—that underground resistance movement whose spirit no German oppression could crush—there comes to life again the true spirit of the living France.

When we in this island, alone and uncomforted, stood firm against Hitler, you realised that all was not lost; that one day the retribution which sooner or later overtakes all evil things would be the lot of the Germans who overran and trampled your land.

The Day of Retribution has dawned. The Battle of France is joined, and in the words of General de Gaulle: "Out of the heavy cloud of blood and tears, France in her greatness rises again."

General Eisenhower, whose battles are your battles, and whose cause is your cause, has called on you to follow the instructions of your leaders.

He counts on your steadfastness, and calls on all Frenchmen who love freedom to stand with the Anglo-American armies.

I know he will not call in vain. July 14, your National Day, is a day dear to the heart of every French man and French woman who believe in the destiny of France.

It is a day recalling an earlier liberation from another form of tyranny. But this July 14 is greater still. It spells not only liberation, but re-birth. We shall not forget.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN G. WINANT,
U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James

DEAR MR. WINANT,—It is good at these times, as you recently stressed, to know that never were the fighting men of the United Nations so closely knit together.

Their devotion to the Cause of Decency and Freedom will, you say, become a legend in history. It is, to-day, more than a legend; it is a clarion call encompassing the destruction of Nazi Germany.

Hitler strove by might and main to avoid the hopeless position in which he finds himself now.

He tried to split Anglo-American friendship; he tried to antagonise the Russians against us; and he sought for many months to destroy that unity now finding practical and victorious expression in three great offensives.

I know that you, Mr. Ambassador, have worked hard to promote and to cement Anglo-American friendship. And I know, too, that you will do your utmost to see that the devotion of the soldier to the Cause of War will be equally wholehearted in the Cause of Peace.

We really cannot let this friendship pass into legend. It is too essential to the well-being and the harmony of the world.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. R. J. QUARTERMAN,
Vicar of St. Paul's, Leicester

DEAR SIR,—Haven't you lost some sense of proportion in describing Sunday parade and instruction for pre-Service units, such as the Air Training Corps, as "wicked" and "a widespread attempt to destroy the soul of our youth by feeding it on the religion of nationalism"?

Battle of Britain pilots—most of them youths—were no less irreligious because they clawed down the *Luftwaffe* from Sunday skies. And there is nothing profane in the fact that our men in Normandy have to fight the good fight on the Sabbath as on other days.

First things come first.

Unless Hitler is smashed for good, there will be no religious tolerance, no forbearance for millions.

Instead, the real "wickedness" in Europe will continue. The boys whose Sunday activities you deplore are being neither misled nor misguided.

They are only preparing to do their bit, if necessary, to preserve the British way of life. Think it over.—JOHN BULL.

Miss G. M. WILBY,
Organising Secretary, Suffolk Diocesan Moral Welfare Association

DEAR MISS WILBY,—I suppose your high-sounding title, boiled down, is really not so grandiloquent. For it merely means that you feel yourself justified in trying to readjust the lives of those whose actions meet with your disapproval.

As the inspirer of a "Save-the-girls-from-themselves" patrol in the town of Woodbridge, you are, no doubt, sincerely convinced that there is urgent need for such activities.

And maybe the women who keep a motherly eye on young girls when public-houses and cinemas close, are equally sincere in their endeavours to keep the girls on the path of virtue.

Lacking official authority such women are powerless to act; lacking, too, probably, essential training in handling such delicate problems they are more likely to aggravate than to appease.

Instead of patrols—uncharitable people will undoubtedly christen your disciples "snoopers"—why not some practical attempt to solve the local problem—a club, a few dances, a decent meeting place for the girls and their boy friends?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. J. BURROWS,
President, National Union of Railwaymen

DEAR MR. BURROWS,—British railways in the past played a big part in building up the industrial prosperity of the nineteenth century; at present they are, in the face of difficulties, playing a bigger part than most people realise in smashing Hitler. The future . . .?

What rôle are the railways to play in the re-organised post-war Britain?

According to you, railwaymen are looking ahead with troubled eyes, and you suggest that unless the industry undergoes great changes, notably complete public ownership of transport, it will irrevocably be faced with disaster.

This gloomy and forbidding picture may or may not be true prophecy. Only the passing of the years will prove you right or wrong.

But there is no doubt that the nation is sorely in need of a Transport Plan—a scheme which would co-ordinate road, rail, air and water traffic, and cut out much of the wasteful rivalry and competition that have played economic havoc in the past.

The scramble for traffic you foreshadow must be avoided; and it is unthinkable that because of a lack of basic co-ordination railway workers should suffer financially.

For years now I have stressed the need to end the great transport muddle.

Only a bold national policy cutting through sectional interests and economic prejudices can put the nation on the right lines for a square transport deal.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

We've Still the Male Complex

WHEN a few brave pioneers began years ago their campaign for equality for women they knew they were up against male privileges strongly entrenched through the centuries by both usage and tradition.

To-day the tides of prejudice are still running. Those brave women, who crashed the gates of medicine, the law and other professional domains once exclusively male, know just how strong those prejudices are.

* * *

It will probably, therefore, come as no surprise to them that more than 90 per cent. of men and nearly 70 per cent. of women prefer men to women doctors.

These figures, based on the results of a Centre of Public Opinion survey, referred to the choice of a family doctor.

One reason given by a woman for preferring a male doctor was: "Doctoring is a man's job. Let women do the nursing."

I cannot discuss this question first hand because I have yet to submit to the ministrations of a woman doctor. But I have met one or two women G.P.s and they have struck me as being as intelligent and as competent as their male colleagues. (I should, however, state that the children of one woman doctor look ill-nourished and neglected.)

Yet—and I can no more substantiate this prejudice than I can justify it—I would not call in a woman doctor unless it were a case of necessity and no male doctor were available.

Maybe I'm shy; maybe I am too sensitive a being to discuss with a strange woman my miserable aches and pains. Or perhaps, after all, I'm just a typical mass of stiff-necked, stupid, male-conscious conceit and arrogance.

I'm not alone in that. But let us consider the wider question and decide whether or nor it has a bearing on the preference for male doctors.

I am not a believer in the competency of women—apart from home and office duties. I confess that I do not like to ride in a car driven by a woman. Most women at the wheel are erratic and prone to make faulty judgments.

(In this respect please don't write me in praise of the women both in and out of uniforms who drive cars, lorries and vans. I still prefer men drivers.)

* * *

I wouldn't feel safe in a train if the engine-driver were a woman. And I would much rather walk than fly in a woman-piloted 'plane.

But that, after all, may be nothing more than personal prejudice on the part of a mere male.

And, whatever I may think, it is impossible to blink the fact that the women of Britain have played a magnificent part in putting us on the road to victory.

Peace in a Corner of Normandy

★ No battle scene, but a true and delightful picture of Normandy comes from the pen of B. L. JACOT

A NORMAN village. In the orchard at the back of the doctor's house lies a twisted hulk of flame-blued steel. The grass is scorched round this German Tiger tank, and near-by apple branches are blackened. But new grass is growing.

The sounds of battle are a distant rumble. The battle is far away.

Peace has come to the village.

This must be about the oldest liberated Norman village. British gliders swooped on to it in the early hours of D-day, and English voices have filled its narrow streets and grey medieval arches ever since. Sleepy country life is drifting back to normal.

An elderly American captain sits in the town hall with a young English lieutenant as his assistant, arranging the civil affairs of the area. The Tricolour of France hangs in lazy folds over the porch.

Outside, a Scottish sergeant—A. J. McCulloch, from Aberdeen—is posting up a notice, freshly printed and signed by General Montgomery.

It sets out the maximum prices of esential foodstuffs. Inside, the American and the Englishman sit at a kitchen table in a room protected from the public by a long counter. The Mayor sits with them.

Corporal O'Donnell, of New York, who used to have a job on the Subway, is boss of the counter flap. He lets the people in to see the Allied administrators. The staff is mixed. British and Americans are entirely interchangeable in Civil affairs.

Two English girls in nursing uniforms stop their perambulation of the village streets to watch the sergeant from Aberdeen. Sylvia Carter, of Swansey, Cambridge, and with her her friend Joan Cooper, of Queensboro, Sheerness.

Sergeant McCulloch turns to answer the girls, but his attention is diverted to a peculiar procession on the other side of the cobbled square. A fat little priest in his shallow black shovel hat and voluminous skirts is leading a procession of women, all dressed in their Sunday best. Children are with them in squeaking heavy boots and black clothes, too. Nuns bring up the rear.

"Why are the farm prices controlled?" Joan asks.

The McCulloch grins. "Och! Y'have t'do it. Yon Normans can get more money for their eggs and their cream from the Americans and the British, and they've taken to not selling to their ane folk. There's plenty o' beef and farm produce here. Oceans of it. And wine. Now that they can only charge juist so much, never mind who, the Normans can buy. We dinna want t' have to feed the entire population."

Paradise for Food!

The sergeant pauses to talk to the priest, who passes inside the Mairie. "See that schoolhouse?" he asks the English girls. "It's juist aboot full up with American groceries. This area must be aboot the best-fed place in the whole wide world." He leans forward confidentially. "How aboot a drink of iced grapefruit juice, ladies?"

Meanwhile the stout Abbé has reached the outer perimeter of the New York corporal's defences. The local Normans co-operate at the Mairie with enthusiasm.

They co-operate in numbers, about three deep at the counter.

O'Donnell of the New York subway sorts out the crowd. If anyone should be able to handle a crowd it is he; and, strangely, he speaks perfect French. Perhaps he learnt it on the subway. The Mayor is a typical Norman, lank, angular, black hair and blue eyes. His movements are slow and deliberate.

"Monsieur l'Abbé" he cries, and pushes to his feet.

Henry O'Donnell, with tact, knocks up the flap in the counter, and the priest passes through without let or hindrance. The American—he is a professor from Columbia University, New York—the Mayor and the Abbé go into a huddle—obviously something important has turned up.

A Wee Bit Close

The American officer comes out into the sun cramming on his cap. The Abbé makes a sign to his patiently waiting flock and two nuns appear. "Take them to the Manor," he says. "It is now their home."

The village manor house has been earmarked by the British for a headquarters, but the Mayor has joined with the Abbé to make out a good case for these women and children.

The Abbé for a week has been collecting people who had left their farms and cottages weeks, months ago at the threat of invasion to find shelter inland. He has brought them back to the village, but most of their homes now lie in ruins.

These homes are being rebuilt and the families want to be on hand.

The Mayor has come out into the bright sunshine, too. The Germans found him truculent and imprisoned him, but the villagers would do nothing without their Mayor. The Germans turned him loose from the concentration camp. He looked a little like Abraham Lincoln.

The Abbé has beckoned to a girl of, perhaps, nine. She has long plaits down her back and big, solemn eyes. A boy's heavy boots are on her feet and she has long black stockings. A nun speaks for her.

Soon the battle groups move on, and peace returns to the ancient Norman village

★

"Celestine," says the nun, "speaks little. I have only heard her speak twice. She says her mother and her father hid it and told her never, *never* to tell anyone until the Germans had gone."

The American professor has a very worried look. "What did you say happened to her parents?"

"No one knows," the Abbé states. "They disappeared—two years ago."

"She has been living in the Convent," the nun says. "She has suffered much. She is a reliable child. Only silent. I believe she is in earnest. I believe she knows what she is talking about."

"To me she spoke of what the father had hidden," repeated the Abbé. "She would speak to no one else."

Every conceivable sort of job comes the way of the American captain, and this, he thinks, is a job that must be looked into. What had these peasants hidden so carefully? Where had they hidden it? Why?

This dark-eyed solemn little tot had been through such a lot.

The two English Waafs join the group at the Professor's request and they take the child in their laps.

"It is a change from the nuns," the Abbé explains. "Perhaps you resemble more the mother of the child. She will not say what it is or where it is hidden, Mademoiselles."

"I see," says Sylvia Carter. "Listen, darling! The Germans didn't speak like I do, did they? They've gone. Now tell the Captain. . . ."

In a few minutes the American comes out and summons a jeep. The Mayor and the Abbé are with him as he climbs in. The Abbé is carrying the little girl in his arms. They are all smiling except the Professor. He always has a worried look on his long, scholarly face. Celestine has spoken.

"It's a waste of time," he mutters. "Nothing in it, but we must satisfy ourselves, I suppose."

The Abbé does not agree. "For two-three years she has kept her secret, the Little One. Obviously it has been impressed on her that it is important. We shall see."

The jeep disappears in a cloud of dust and winds up the hill to a cottage on the edge of the woods. There is a shell hole in the roof, but the rest of the place is intact. The party's curiosity is soon satisfied.

The Great Find

Celestine takes the tall American inside what was once her home. He removes bricks in the chimney and pulls out a piece of wood. He fumbles behind the wood and finds—a doll.

The little girl nods and takes the dusty creature in her arms, then walks solemnly out to the Abbé. For Celestine the show is over.

They all climb back into the jeep and return to the Mairie. The crowd is thick at the counter. A new convoy is passing through the streets. The Tricolour hangs lazily in the breeze.

Peace has come to the village.

Britain's "Bobbies" will Father the New Europe

MANY British "Bobbies" will shortly—we hope—be on duty in the biggest towns of Europe. No, they will not be wearing their familiar blue uniforms, but khaki, for they belong to the Civil Affairs branch of the British Army.

Their job will be to bring order out of Europe's chaos in the quickest possible time. To prepare them for this mighty task, these men have been carefully trained at a special school. Their studies include languages, industrial development, local folk lore, and the exacting task of relief and administration.

★ ★ ★

For years Britain's policemen have been justly famous for their honesty, leadership, and ability to make the best of everything.

Now these men, who have so often in the past given confidence at home, will have to restore to the suppressed peoples of Europe some of their old self-confidence, and at the same time make sure that everything is right in accordance with law and order.

A face that inspires confidence

Many small towns and villages, after the tide of war has swept through them, will need a strong hand. Your British "Bobbie" is the man for this job.

These Civil Affairs police officers have done a remarkable job of work in Italy. I know of one constable who entered a village aboard one of our first tanks.

He dropped off in the centre of the main street, and while our forces continued to engage the enemy on the outskirts of the village, proceeeded to organise the village once more.

Food was short—so he ordered wheat left behind by the Germans to be taken to a small mill, and detailed men to grind it.

This done, he had bread made and handed to the villagers. Next he encouraged the country folk to return to their old labours; had experts examine the public services, and very soon had the whole village appreciating what a fine fellow he was: how he was out to help them, not himself.

★ ★ ★

All over Italy incidents such as this have been taking place daily. The same thing will happen in France and other liberated countries.

Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Pollock—"Pollock of The Yard"—is now chief of police in Rome.

First man to raise the Union Jack on the morning of the Allied occupation, he now has more than 25,000 police and various troops under him.

The Colonel, like the rest of Britain's policemen, knows how to deal with foreigners. He ought to, for he was for a long time in charge of London's "Vice Squad."

Quietly, but very thoroughly, Britain has been training some of her famous young constables for one of the greatest tasks in history. **HOWARD JOHNS.**

Germany is at war on all fronts—on all fronts she is being defeated

By A. G. GARDINER

THESE are thrilling days in which to be alive. They are only paralleled in intensity by those days in the summer of 1940, of which the word "Dunkirk" will be the everlasting remembrance.

But how different the thrill. Then the world seemed lost. To-day we know the world is won. Then all Europe lay helpless beneath the foot of the tyrant. Now from end to end of Europe his hordes are on the run.

They are fleeing in Italy. Soon it will be in France.

In the mighty overthrow that we are witnessing the scene shifts with paralysing rapidity as the great drama conceived at Teheran unfolds itself.

At one moment it is Alexander's sledge-hammer blows in Italy that hold the mind.

The next it is the invasion of Normandy —the most stupendous operation in history— that grips the attention.

We turn and behold the whole Eastern front of the enemy collapsing like a house of cards before the Russian avalanche.

* * *

Even in the universal *débâcle,* this spectacle has a lonely grandeur of its own. It has the grandeur of immensity, of stern justice, of sublime and sustained patriotism.

Never in history has crime met with retribution on this scale. By comparison, Napoleon's disaster in Russia was a trifle. He lost an army—mainly of satellites—but he did not lose a nation.

But Hitler has lost a nation. In three years of war the finest flower of the manhood of Germany has perished in the wastes of Russia.

If the official Russian estimate of eight million German victims is accurate, this fact is self-evident. For the victims are Germans. No satellite Power except Rumania has shared substantially in this holocaust.

The war has been fought with the cream of the German army, and a very simple sum will show that the Russian campaigns alone have accounted for not less than a third of the effective military population of Germany. Add the losses in Poland, France, the Balkans, North Africa and Italy, and the estimate must be far below the mark.

I stress this point for an obvious reason. That the resisting power of Germany is declining is now apparent to all. It is apparent in the air, on sea, and on land alike.

What else can explain the astonishing failure to interfere with the invasion? The biggest armada in history crosses a hundred miles of sea to the enemy-held coast without an effective blow being struck against it on sea or from the air.

Troops are rushed headlong from far Norway to Italy to help stop the flight of Kesselring in Italy.

Panzer corps are switched over from the crumbling Russian front to Normandy. And having arrived there these key men are thrown into battle as infantry!

Neither in Russia, nor in Normandy, nor in Italy are the troops supported from the air. Among the 40,000 prisoners taken in the Cherbourg peninsula a large proportion were boys of 16 or so and men of over 60.

* * *

What does all this imply but a famine of resources? Long ago it was urged in these columns that the very magnitude of his conquests would be fatal to Hitler.

While he was in the ascendant, 5,000 miles of frontier seemed a terrific evidence of power. But when he lost the initiative and was thrown on the defensive it became an impossible liability.

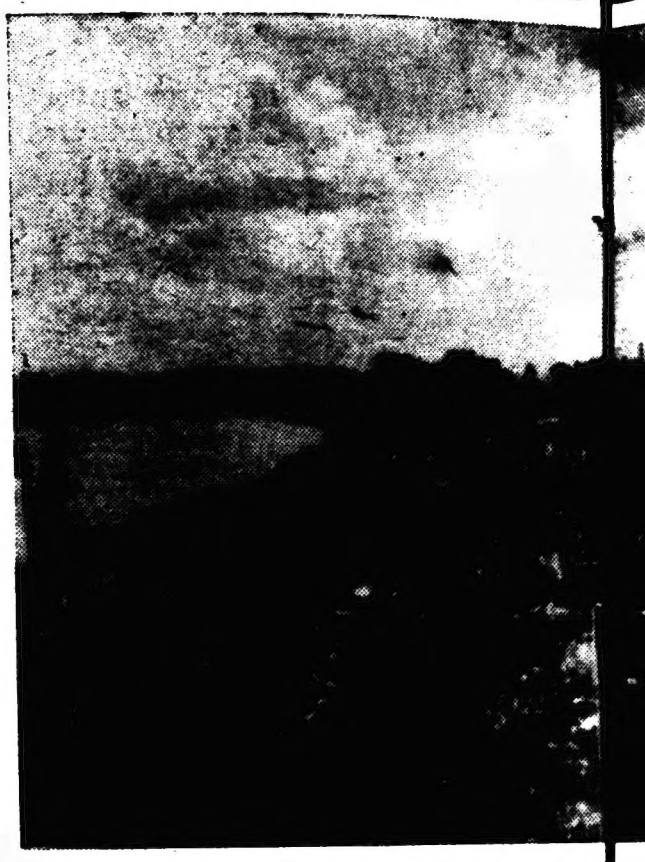
He had to be prepared against attack anywhere and everywhere. And he had not the men nor the material to meet such demands. That is the position now.

The most conspicuous of his deficiencies is men. Germany has now lost in Russia alone far more men than she lost in the whole of the last war. And they were her best men.

The gaps they have left are being filled up with boys and elderly men who have lost their zest for battle. Of effective soldiers Germany has now fewer than she had when Ludendorff told the Reichstag in 1918 to make peace in order to save the cadre of his army. Yet he was only effectively engaged on one front.

But to-day Germany is engaged, not on one front, or two fronts only. She has half a dozen fronts—in Russia, in Italy, in France, in Finland, in Yugoslavia, and against the saboteurs everywhere from Norway to Denmark and Denmark to Greece.

On the



Red Army men greet the liberation o

But the wastage of her man-power is only ne most decisive of her deficiencies. It is ne most decisive because even in mechanised warfare it is the men behind the machine who finally count.

But there are other famines hardly less ominous. Putting aside such essentials as chromium, wolfram and nickel, there is the oil shortage.

In the early days of the war I suggested that victory would go to the side that had the last barrel of oil. In a very real sense Germany was robbed of her last chance of victory when her Caucasus thrust failed.

Everything that has happened since has confirmed the fact. The *Luftwaffe* is knocked out, the U-boat is knocked out, even the tank

BUT THE GERMAN ARMY ISN'T WHAT IT WAS—says STANLEY BISHOP, War Reporter

IN the battles of Normandy we have already found man-power holes in the German army.

There may be a fine façade of divisions, but most of the divisions are not what they should be either in strength or quality.

Indeed, practically no German division is up to war establishment in either men, material or vehicles. Divisions have been whittled down and split up. Regiments—formerly equivalent to a British brigade—are formed of two battalions instead of three. Companies are reduced from 190 men to 140.

Some divisions are scarcely more than skeletons. But they stand as divisions on paper.

Best of the German armoured divisions are the S.S. Panzers. They have the pick of everything. Their soldiers are young and tough, recruited mainly from the Hitler Youth Movement. Officers and men live in the Nazi tradition.

As soldiers, they are of the very best, and still believe with fanatical faith that Germany will win the war. Hitler to them remains always the inspired leader who can do no wrong.

These S.S. Panzers have the best tanks —the fast, forty-five-ton Panthers armed with long 75 millimetre guns, exceptionally good weapons which have the merit of coming back on the target without relaying after firing.

The strength of an S.S. division varies from ten to twelve thousand men, but to-day in France the lower figure is the more likely.

Other Panzer divisions have mixed tanks—usually eighty Panthers and sixty Mark IV's, which have the short 75 m.m. cannon and weigh twenty-eight tons. There is one tank regiment in a Panzer division, plus infantry in armoured vehicles or lorries; an artillery unit with self-propelled guns; anti-tank and anti-aircraft units, and a reconnaissance unit.

★ ★ ★

Tiger tanks—the monsters of sixty tons with 88 millimetre guns—are not normally allocated to Panzer divisions. They are used in separate formations for special assault work as occasion demands.

Panzer grenadiers are motorised infantry, with anti-tank and anti-aircraft units. These divisions consist now of two regiments each and a motor-cycle assault company. They have a paper strength of 20,000.

A German parachute division numbers about 12,000 fighting men organised in three regiments, which are equipped with small 7.5 centimetre guns that can be airborne.

It is in the stock infantry divisions that the enemy has made the most considerable reductions in man-power. Some are nearly 50 per cent. below establishment.

There are two sorts of infantry divisions—the field divisions for the first line, and the "limited employment" divisions used for garrison duty and the lines of communication. Soldiers in the latter are men of middle-age or boys of sixteen and seventeen.

It is in the infantry that the German High Command is placing battalions of troops from the occupied countries of Europe—mainly from Poland and Russia, with a few from Norway.

These foreign battalions have a sprinkling of German officers to improve the leadership. Sometimes they fight against us moderately well, but usually they are very ready in emergency to throw aside their arms and surrender. When in the line they have German battalions on either flank.

★ ★ ★

Because they are so short of men the Nazis have combed every occupied country and prisoner of war camp. In this way they gained recruits from —soldiers of the Indian army taken prisoners during the earlier North African campaigns.

At one time there was a battalion of native Indian soldiers on garrison work in Holland. Then, because of reports from German intelligence officers that these Indians would not fight against British troops, this battalion was removed.

So hard pressed are the Germans for men that they will accept anybody willing to exchange the hardships of a concentration camp for a military uniform and regular rations.

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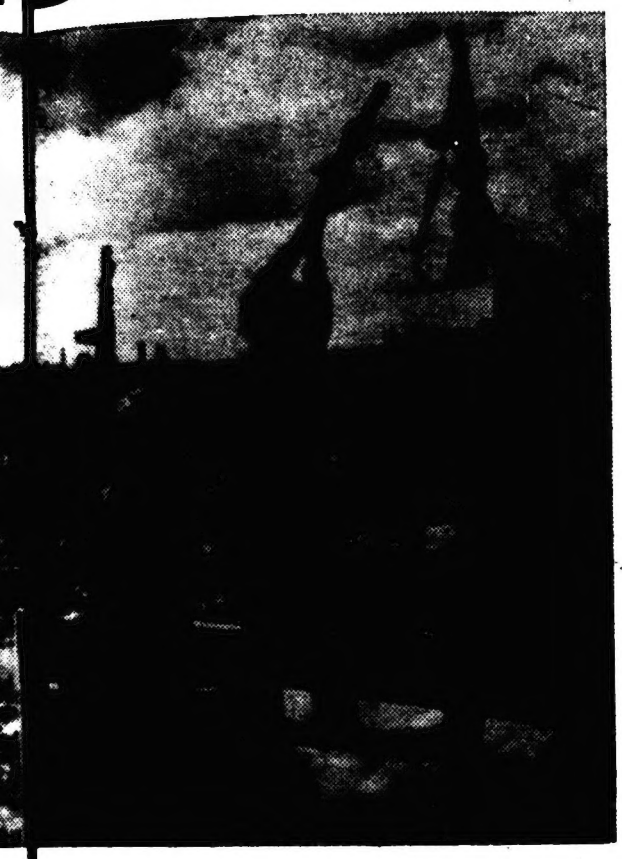


another great Russian town—Vitebsk

is largely immobilised owing to the lack of abundance of oil.

And that shortage is related to another of Germany's capital weaknesses—transport. *What would Hitler not give to-day for those seas of oil that were wasted in Russia, and especially in the attempt to reach the Caucasian oil-fields?*

* * *

These are the material causes that have left Germany in flight on all her frontiers. They are not the only causes. She is being driven to the grave that she had dug for others, not only by better men and material, but by better brains and a better cause.

She put her trust in Terror, and Terror has failed her, as it will always fail those who war against the deathless spirit of man.

But even with retribution closing in upon her, Terror is to be her last word. Beaten on all fronts, and by all weapons, her last gamble is indiscriminate murder.

It is not the sudden gamble of desperate men. For years the preparation for the "secret weapon" that is now launched against England had been in progress. For two years, ever since the tide of the war turned, Hitler has darkly hinted at it.

Now it has come, and no one will minimise the horror of the blind Terror that is the culmination of Nazi savagery.

The nation grieves for the innocent victims of this crowning iniquity—the old and the young, the women and the children. It is the tribute we must pay to the Satanism that has made Europe a hell. It is the price we must pay to deliver Europe from that Satanism.

• *We shall pay, no matter how high the price. It will not stay our retribution. It will only add urgency and power to it. For better death a thousandfold than that this Thing should triumph over the earth.*

Rommel thought he was bound to triumph in the Middle East—

They Mean to Bomb Rommel Dizzy!

By Mark Priestley

NEW reputations have been made on the R.A.F. shuttle-service to Berlin and all targets west. . . .

And reputations already high have gained added lustre in the thousand-fold Bomber Command sorties against gun batteries, bridges and road-rail links deep behind the enemy lines in France.

One of the men to hit Rommel between the eyes is smiling Squadron-Leader Fred Chadwick, late of the cavalry, who has achieved the almost unbelievable.

He was a trooper who joined a squadron of Army Co-operation, fought in Blenheims from Eritrea to the Western Desert, and then transferred to the heavies.

He bombed Rommel at El Alamein—and now bombs him again.

Veteran of 70 actions, he has lived and flown from so close to the front line that, before now, he has been chased off bomber airfields by Nazi armoured cars.

It's hard to believe that, before the war, he earned his living as a literary critic.

Then there's "25-op" Joe Duncliffe, of the Lancaster Q for Queenie, whose plane went in ahead of our first Normandy landing barges—above the flak ships, above the angry guns—and put paid to two of the toughest coastal fortresses of Rundstedt's Atlantic Wall.

Young Joe had bombed coastal batteries plenty of times before. He knows the emplacements and rails and the strategic roads of Western Europe as well as you and I know the kitchen cupboard. Maybe that's why he was sent on a big job.

Tadpoles!

"Take no notice of anything you see in the Channel," he was briefed. "Under no circumstances may bombs be jettisoned in the sea west of your route."

He didn't know it was D-Day till he saw the shipping swarming beneath. "Tadpoles with white tails," his co-pilot said.

So many planes were crowding the sky that, when Joe ran in to the target, a Lancaster was passing underneath—right in the bomb path.

"Don't let your bombs go!" someone in the crew yelled to the bombardier.

"Q for Queenie" held them, and then ran in again. There was another yell as the bombs went down. "Look out, skip! Flak coming up right in front!"

"Ever seen it going down?" chuckled Joe.

Well, bomber pilots have to be nerveless to survive the long odds of flak and fighters not just once or twice but scores of times.

Wing - Commander Geoff Cheshire, for instance; was appointed the youngest group captain in the R.A.F. when he was only twenty-five — and he found the office work not at all in his line.

Much more to his liking was circling through the searchlights and flaming onions of Mainz for 45 minutes observing bombing results; once he had brought a blazing bomber home from Cologne with a hole in her four yards long.

—but the situation in France has made him look much grimmer

A bar was added to his D.S.O. for "superb courage over every one of the most heavily defended targets in Europe."

After all that, even though he spent his leaves ferrying Atlantic bombers and falling in love in New York, ground duties were apt to be tiresome.

So Geoff Cheshire deliberately surrendered his rank—and the higher pay—in order to get back on bomber operations. He has now won the D.S.O. three times—and his latest Second Front bomber trips mean that his ops are nearing the century.

His Rhodesian rival, Squadron-Leader R. A. Mackie, gold mine owner, special mission pilot—he has flown men like Wavell and Admiral Cunningham—is now well past the hundredth mark.

He had found excitement in desert tank-busting, force-landing in enemy territory and hiking for three days back to base, and he had spent a wearying 12 months as an instructor at a fighter Officers Training Unit, when he volunteered for renewed thrills with the Lancasters.

Dodging Fighters

And he's had them. His trips to Berlin alone exceed double figures. He has strafed Magdeburg, Schweinfurt, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, as well as the latest French tactical targets.

Just by way of a sample of excitement, one night his plane twice had to dodge fighters without a wraith of mist for cloud-cover.

Then a searchlight got them, the livid blue master light signalled others, and in a flash the Lancaster was coned.

While the lights clung remorselessly the ack-ack gunners sent up everything in their stores. The great bomber leaped and eddied and yet still it came home, with great holes in its wings, looking—as Mackie said—like crusts the kids had been nibbling.

The bomber boys are used to that, not for just one trip but maybe for the 30 trips that make one's first operational tour. Then there are 20 trips in one's second operational tour.

Flight - Lieut. Syd Clayton, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M., had taken part in more than a hundred sorties as a navigator and been shot up more times than he could remember—but he refused to be grounded.

Just when they thought Clayton was through, he turned up with a batch of green embryo pilots at an R.A.F. training station

"I'm tired of being merely a passenger," he said. "It's time I learned to fly. . ."

They Keep Flying

The lads in his class didn't know what to make of his ribbons. They tried to get Syd talking, and all they got out of him were the adventures of Squadron-Leader J. R. G. Ralston.

They heard how Ralston had done the impossible in planting a bomb in the mouth of a tunnel on the Paris-Soissons railway line, how he'd bombed supply ships despite flak from destroyers, how he'd penetrated hundreds of miles into enemy territory in daylight

They didn't realise that Syd had been the navigator on all these jobs.

Look at the amazing record of Warrant Officer Norman Williams, who left a civil service office to become Australia's most-decorated N.C.O.

He was attacked by night fighters 12 times on his first seven trips. He had completed 40 operational flights when he won a bar to his D.F.M.—and he has knocked up dozens more since.

He knows what it is to be hit by a cannon shell in the stomach during a bombing run, to have machine-gun bullets riddling his legs and thighs. He has sat there wounded, jammed in his turret, his guns useless, while the Nazi night fighters launched nearly 40 different attacks.

Chopped Out

And, nervelessly, he continued to check the bomber's homeward flight, through the inter-com.

Back at the base, he had to be chopped out of his turret. He remained for two months in hospital. While he lay there, he heard that the rest of his crew had been shot down and made prisoners-of-war.

Yet, when he returned to his squadron, he flew the first night he got back—a typical bomber man.

When you've been shot up in the flak, when you come back smarting and half-blinded from tracer, you still fly the next night—just to keep your hand in—just to be sure of your nerve.

THESE BOOKS MAKE NEWS — By VINCENT BROME

Mrs. Priestwood Beats the Japanese

Blood and broken bodies scared them from the well

FROM the row of houses came the dim sounds of the night. A child crying, the heavy breathing of people asleep. A clock began to strike and the man and woman crouching in the shadows counted the strokes. Twelve o'clock.

Suddenly Gwen Priestwood thought of what had happened to other people when they tried to escape from military camps. One man beheaded. . . . Another . . . She pushed back the thought.

A light sprang from a doorway. Mrs. Priestwood stifled a scream. Then Anthony Bathurst had pushed her down between two of the houses.

The beam moved from house to house. It seemed to come straight towards them.

They whipped round two more houses, stumbled on to the beach and relaxed a moment.

The first part of their escape from the concentration camp on the Stanley Peninsula had succeeded.

Long preparation had gone to those early moves. Anthony Bathurst, British Police Officer, and Mrs. Priestwood, a member of St. John Ambulance Overseas Brigade, had worked out every detail of their escape for weeks. Trapped by the Japanese near Hong-kong, they had been herded into the Stanley Peninsula prison camp with four hundred others.

Now they had begun one of the most dramatic escapes from the Japanese which this war has produced.

Episodes from their story crowd one upon another. . . .

The wind on the beach starting a flame from a pile of refuse which nearly gave them away to the Japanese sentries. The terrible trek through the night, with heavy packs, and death threatening from every shadow.

HOUSE-BREAKING

Once Mrs. Priestwood fell and Anthony said: "If you can't make it, we'll slip back to the camp." But Mrs. Priestwood pushed on.

In her pocket she had a bottle of sleeping-tablets. If the worst came to the worst, she hoped they would be enough.

Very soon they were desperate for water. One source they found—but there was also blood and broken bodies. They pressed on with cracked lips and dry tongues.

At last they were forced to face the dangers of burgling a house. They reached the bathroom safely, but the taps were dry. Then they found a water tub. It was full. They drank and drank again, and started out once more.

By now a few streaks of light were coming up in the sky. They had to find some hide-out for the day. They took possession of a deserted bungalow.

Anthony woke Mrs. Priestwood in the morning with the words: "There are three Jap soldiers coming up the path." Mrs. Priestwood went cold.

They buried themselves amongst some rubbish and old newspapers in an alcove. The soldiers hammered at the door. "Anoni-anoni!" (Hello there) they called.

The dust from a sandbag irritated Mrs. Priestwood's nose. A sneeze would shatter everything. Five minutes later the soldiers were still there.

Suddenly a window in the room was pushed open and a soldier stuck his head in. The round, grinning face was just over 4 ft. away.

It was a terrible moment, a moment when the irritation in Mrs. Priestwood's nose became torture.

Then someone yelled from outside, the head disappeared and next came the sound of retreating footsteps. Mrs. Priestwood will always remember the relief of that relaxation.

At 7.30 next morning they walked across the wet sand of the beach in the half light of dawn. They were getting desperate and began to take bigger risks.

CHINESE TO THE RESCUE

They wanted water, food, freedom from these long hours of crawling, hunted life. Mrs. Priestwood had been accustomed to a cultured ordered existence.

In the end a friendly Chinese junk-master took them on board. But that was only the start of still more remarkable adventures. Mrs. Priestwood had been driven to try to escape by 8 oz. of rice per day, and nothing else, for fifty-four days. . . . "I got so hungry I couldn't stand it another day."

Her very interesting book, *Through Japanese Barbed Wire*, published by Harrap, 8s. 6d., does not dramatise her story. In fact, there are touches of complete feminism, amongst hair-raising adventures, which astonish you.

"If I had a new hat I'd have walked up to the first Japanese sentry I saw and slapped his face for him. Maybe it was just as well I hadn't a hat."

The third stage of their escape was engineered by Chinese guerillas, and once again they stumbled into high adventure.

The trek to Chungking took twenty-four days. Now, Mrs. Priestwood has placed her fully authenticated story on record.

She has also revealed the remarkable courage of two white people who risked the worst that the Japanese could do to get back to civilisation.

AT OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

LIQUID GOLD

THROUGHOUT the ranks of the United States Army the slang word "foaked" means tricked or victimised.

During recent journeys up and down the country I have discovered that thousands of American soldiers are being "foaked" by profiteers who batten on the fact that the Americans often seem to have ready money to spend, and that their leisure hours are spent in making the rounds of bars, hotel lounges and clubs.

A week or two ago I was told the following story—every word of which I can vouch for as being true:

Two American soldiers, during a short leave, were staying at a hotel where the bar was running dry. They heard of a publican with a village inn some seven miles away.

"You can get a bottle of anything you like there," a casual acquaintance told them.

The Americans hired a car and drove to the inn.

On arrival, they told the landlord that they wanted to give a small party. After much artificial bartering, he agreed to "oblige" the visitors with one bottle of gin, one of whisky and port for the sum of £15—which the Americans paid.

(At the outside, to-day's prices for these items should not exceed £3 10s.)

Beginning to think that they had spent a great deal of money, and having had a few drinks, the soldiers became boisterous in the street on their return from the inn and were finally taken away by American military police.

Incidentally, the latter disposed of the hard-won liquor. They poured it down a drain!

Now I have not much sympathy to spare for the soldiers. But I have the greatest contempt for the landlord who skinned them so ruthlessly.

And this is only one of many—far too many—such incidents.

Sir Douglas McCraith, chairman of the North Midland Price Regulation Committee, is a leading advocate of Government control of all wine and spirit prices.

"This is a shocking racket," he said the other day, "and yet the Ministry of Food refuses to intervene. . . ."

Meanwhile anyone lucky enough to have spirits to sell makes hay while the sun shines.

Complaints have been received by the Licensed Victuallers' Association that American troops are being "foaked" by a clever "gin and lime" trick common in many of the places Americans visit.

American troops now stationed over here often ask for gin-and-lime. Some publicans who obey the customs of their trade only serve orders of this kind by giving a nip of gin from one bottle and a nip of lime from another; others, anticipating a "rush," prepare a perfectly fair mixture in accordance with customary trade regulations.

But not all of them.

An official investigation recently concluded has shown that the unscrupulous publican or club proprietor mixes three bottles of lime juice cordial with one bottle of gin and christens it "Gin and Lime."

No technical offence is being committed. The four bottles cost 33s. 3d. Returns from sales average £9 10s.—a tidy profit of 550 per cent.!

The Scotch Whisky Association regard adulteration of this kind as a serious offence. They are preparing a "Stop List" which will prevent all wholesale firms supplying raw material to would-be profiteers from receiving any stocks at all.

American soldiers reported the other day that a bottle of whisky automatically costs them £4—the official price is still 25s. 9d.

But let me be fair. For every publican who asks—and gets—this exorbitant sum, there are a hundred who wish to see these outlaws expelled from the trade.

American troops, thousands of miles from home, with little to do with their off-duty hours except rove from pub to pub, are not here to be "foaked."

Inspectors of one borough council in whose area large numbers of Americans are stationed, tell me that apart from the aspects of this drink racket already mentioned, there is the problem of "watered" spirits, which are being sold at magnificent profits to soldiers from overseas.

It is quite two years ago that I dealt fully with the whole question of our antiquated licensing laws and urged the Ministry of Food to intervene. But nothing has been done.

The matter is shortly to be raised in the House of Commons. I hope some concrete results will ensue.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. W. Collins, Upper Chase Road, Malvern, Worcs, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are appreciated about any ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

HUMAN MACHINE

The world has a great store of proverbs. Every land and every nation has its own, but it is strange to see how human nature is pretty much the same, whether you look at it in India, in the African jungle, or in the streets of a British city.

"A fool," say the Chinese, "never admires himself so much as when he has committed some folly." We may not like to apply that to ourselves, but there are very, very few of us who have not worn that well-fitting cap at some time or another!

"What costs little," says a Sanskrit proverb, "is esteemed even less." Don't we all tend to undervalue what costs us little or no effort? Isn't our own proverb—"Easy come, easy go," another and similar indictment of our habitual lack of judgment of real values?

"Truth has a scratched face," says an English proverb. And the Arabs know all about that, too; for they say: "He who speaks the truth should have one foot in the stirrup."

A quaint African proverb says: "A man does not run among thorns for nothing; either he is chasing a snake or a snake is chasing him."

There is, in fact, much virtue in the old belief that "A stitch in time saves nine." More haste less speed!

Don't despise old sayings and ancient saws. Properly understood, they can teach us a lot about ourselves.

THE VILLAGE WENT ON STRIKE

When the owner's colour had subsided from an alarming shade of purple to a straightforward brick red he began to barter

Short Story

By Harry Hearson

EVEN in these days, there's nothing out of the way in a strike. But when the Nethercombe folk went and staged one, that was another kettle of fish altogether.

You've got to realise that for a largish-sized village Nethercombe just about holds the record for somnolence. Tucked away in a combe of the lonely moors, not so very far from the Atlantic, Nethercombe has lived its own life for years, the most exciting event—I'm speaking of the time before the Great Strike—being a trip to the market town fifteen miles away.

You might say the only live wire in the whole place is tubby Mr. Warrilow, who lives in the house on the hill, having come there when he retired from his chemist's shop in the market town some years back to stage a sort of revival of the old benevolent squirearchy.

The first outsider to happen on the fact of something unusual on the Great Day was Ted Lovering, who'd been put on as porter-cum-stationmaster of the little wayside halt alongside the grass-grown single line railway in the valley.

That railway had died a natural death as long back as anyone could remember, and it was only brought back to rickety life when Mr. Sidebotham built his small factory on the moors, there being, you understand, no roads that way.

On the morning of the great happening, Ted was cycling as usual from the market town.

Normally there was always somebody who would shout to him to tie a halter on the train and hold on to it because they were late having breakfast, or some such nonsense; and others would always pass the time of day.

But this morning there was nary a soul in sight.

It was one of those still, sleepy mornings of high summer, when the ground mist hangs about, and the sun gets hotter every single minute. And when Ted came wheeling dustily round the corner into sight of the village street he very nearly fell off his bicycle.

Except for a couple of drowsy hens scratching in the ditch there wasn't a sign of life in the place. The stone chimneys in the thatched roofs hadn't a wisp of smoke, every door was tightly closed, and there was a silence you could almost feel.

If Ted had been a reader of poetry he might have thought the whole scene was one of those Hollywood film sets put up specially to fit Goldsmith's lines:

"No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled."

But Ted never read poetry. "You'd have thought the whole blinkin' village had fled from the plague!" was the way he put it when telling about it later.

And they were still absent five minutes before the train was due, the only evidence of life on the station platform being Ted himself, with his cap pushed back on his head so he could scratch the tousled hair that stuck out under its peak.

By all rights at this time the platform should have been crowded with the old men and girls of the village, waiting for the train to take them to the factory, as it had taken them six mornings a week these past three years.

But the platform remained stubbornly empty.

Ted was looking half-fearfully along the grass-grown line, struck by the horrid thought that the train itself might fail to materialise and the whole thing turn out to be a nightmare, when he heard footsteps approaching, muffled by the dust, and hurried back along the platform to recognise the tubby figure of Mr. Warrilow bearing briskly down on him along the lane.

"What's to do, Mr. Warrilow, sir?" he asked him as soon as he was in hearing distance. "Where's everybody got to?"

Mr. Warrilow smiled reassuringly. "Haven't you heard?" he said. "The village has gone on strike. You know they weren't satisfied with the wages up at the factory, so the whole lot have stuck in their toes and stopped work."

"Go on!" breathed Ted. "I'd niver 'ave thought they'd do it, now." His eyes reminded Mr. Warrilow of a peke's. "I've heard 'em talk enough about it," the porter went on, "but then they'm always talking about things they niver do."

He was still talking about it himself when distant striving sounds heralded the appearance of an ancient engine round the valley bend, hauling a reluctant trio of outmoded coaches.

As it approached wheezily along the narrow track the face of the fireman appeared, disappeared, and reappeared with that of the engine driver, both staring in a pop-eyed way at the empty platform. The engine came to a spluttering halt, and the two of them scrambled down hurriedly from the footplate to join the guard in a huddle around Ted Lovering and Mr. Warrilow.

"Well," said the driver presently, with the air of one putting his finger on the nub of the problem, "'tis a mystery to me how they come to do it. Talk? Oh, Nethercome folk'll *talk* all right. Talk the hind leg off a donkey. But talking's one thing and doing's another."

Mr. Warrilow smiled secretly. "What matters," he said, "is that they *have* done it. And they've appointed me to represent them."

"You don't say!" remarked the fireman. "You'll be one of them negotiators, then, I suppose?"

"Something of the sort," Mr. Warrilow admitted modestly. "In fact, I'm on my way to the factory now to negotiate with Mr. Sidebotham."

And so it was that the train proceeded saunteringly on its way, with Mr. Warrilow splendidly installed as its solitary passenger.

Its crawling progress past woods and moorland streams and disused quarries, with the dilapidated engine emitting a monotonous series of steamy gasps reminiscent of the rhythmic sweeping of a garden path, lulled Mr. Warrilow into an unhurried mental review.

It was some three years ago that this Sidebotham, with a Government contract in his pocket, had come to the West Country and built his small plant twenty miles from anywhere in the middle of the moors, and had hired almost the entire village to work there under a few imported experts lodged in the cottages.

Mr. Warrilow, in the character of father confessor to the village, had soon learned something of the nature of the work, and had hit on an idea, from his store of chemical knowledge, to increase output greatly.

He had gone with the process direct to Sidebotham, who had hurriedly adopted it after only one demonstration.

The snag was that Mr. Warrilow, in his enthusiasm for pepping up war production, had done nothing about a contract; and, in short, had got damall for his invention, while Mr. Sidebotham had probably doubled his profits.

As far as the money was concerned, Mr. Warrilow didn't mind. He had plenty to live on, anyway. Nevertheless, he could have cheerfully wrung Sidebotham's scrawny neck!

But it was different for the villagers. Shop prices had risen with alarming steadiness, while the villagers' wage packets had remained static. So, in common with their usual practice when in trouble, some of the men had come to ask Mr. Warrilow's advice.

Mr. Warrilow's advice to them had been to strike.

BUT, of course, the village had done nothing about the strike—except talk about it.

They'd done that all right. Weeks of it.

It was only a few days ago that Mr. Warrilow had hit on the proper approach to the problem.

At this stage in his thoughts Mr. Warrilow noticed a slowing tempo in the engine's asthmatic wheezings, and, looking out of the window, saw the tail end of a strip of woodland give way to the temporary wooden platform built at the side of the overgrown track at its nearest approach to the factory.

Mr. Warrilow dismounted with dignity, waved benevolently to the guard, engine driver and fireman, and set off up the lane through the trees.

His interview with Sidebotham, in the factory owner's palatial office, was a stormy one.

"... have the whole lot of 'em arrested!" was one of the more coherent of the employer's red-hot threats—and he knew that he couldn't even carry out that one. You can't arrest an entire village. And, apart from that, as Mr. Warrilow was careful to point out, there would be—hrrm—a lot of unpleasant publicity about sweated labour and whatnot.

When the owner's colour had subsided from an alarming shade of purple to a straightforward brick red he began to barter.

Still later—at least half an hour later—he finally agreed to the terms demanded. "Incidentally," Mr. Warrilow told him, "*this* time I've taken the precaution of bringing a contract with me. I got my lawyer to draw it up yesterday."

Mr. Warrilow reached the village again in the later afternoon to find it in a state of turmoil, with groups at nearly every door excitedly discussing the event in the gleefully horrified knowledge that it would probably go down as the greatest day in Nethercombe's history.

As soon as his figure appeared, climbing the lane to the cottages, he was besieged with anxious and puzzled questioners.

HE managed to soothe them down, but it was with some difficulty that he eventually broke free and toiled up to his house on the hill.

Once safely inside, he made himself a welcome cup of tea and sat down to savour the success of his scheme.

There had been no difficulty about the powerful narcotic, of course. He'd brought a lot of stuff from his shop when he retired, and most of it was still in the attic.

And it had been easy to drop the required amount into the little village reservoir near his house, and to draw off the clear water at the lo.-level outlet in the valley so that when everybody came home last night their meals were cooked in the doped water and their evening cups of tea made with it.

All that had been quite easy.

The really smart thing had been to go down to the valley at midnight and draw off the rest of the doped water.

After all, if an entire village oversleeps itself until anything between, say, ten o'clock in the morning and half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, depending on individual reactions to an unaccustomed dose of dope, somebody is bound to start asking questions. But even if they did ask questions and poked about they'd find nothing but perfectly pure, harmless water in the cottage taps.

In fact, Mr. Warrilow told himself, he had really pulled off that difficult double of settling a private quarrel and at the same time proving a public benefactor. Nobody, as far as he could see, could possibly have a grumble.

And apart from the sulky owner of the factory, nobody had.

Except, of course, for that fussy old fool Sid Chugg.

But then he's always had a bonnet full of cranky bees, and one of 'em is that silly trick of his of drinking two quarts of water every night before going to bed.

It was two quarts too many this time!

It put him to sleep for three days, gave him a hangover for another three, and he never drew a wage packet at all that week!

DAWN OF VICTORY

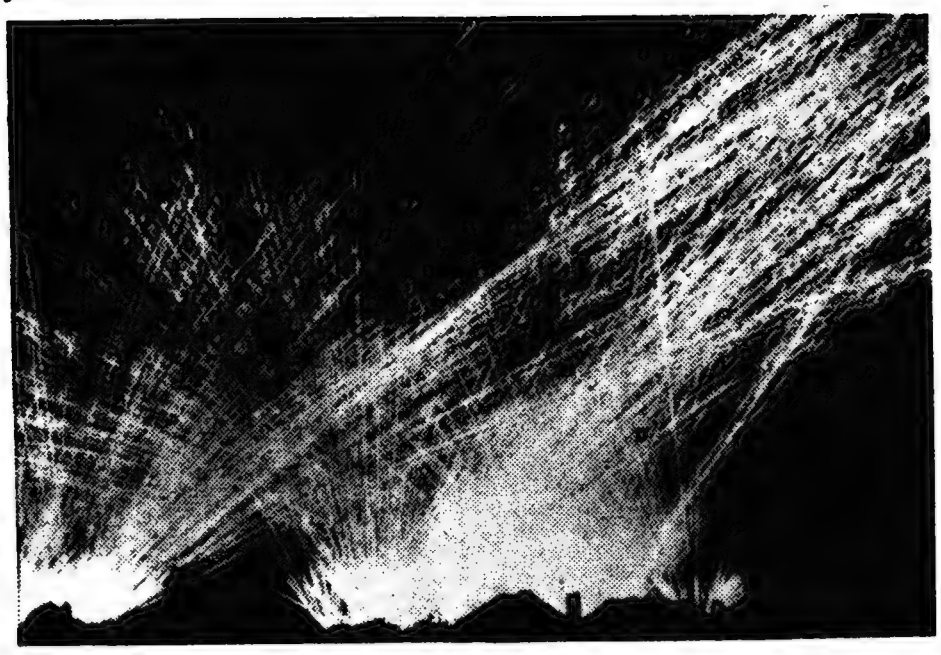
THIS is the time to live indeed, this is the time for faith and hope. This is the time when come what may there's victory within our scope.

This is the time when we shall see things man had never thought could be, as on our standards gleam our tears, and love, and prayers for victory.

This is a time to live indeed, a time to die if needs must be, for England in her summertide pours out her strength across the sea.

This is the time when all the world will see the crumbling hosts of hate, and all will come to see the soul's vast empire and bright estate.

This is the time when heaven shall strike the hour when evil power will fall, this is the time when we shall see God's handwriting upon life's wall.—J. M.



Some people stand up to the terrors of the blitz, but dread a visit to the dentist

"Cowards Die Many Times Before Their Death—"

ABOUT a dozen readers this week have mentioned the word "cowardice," but there are so many different forms of this weakness that I have selected three which are entirely unlike.

The first comes from a woman reader who is scared of illness.

Last Thursday, she says, our dog bit me on the jaw. If it had happened to my husband he would have taken sensible precautions and thought no more about it. But I immediately felt terrified of getting hydrophobia. After that I thought of lockjaw. Then of cancer—my everlasting fear.

The bite was dressed properly, but I couldn't sleep for worry. To secure my peace of mind, my husband took me to a hospital next day. The doctor said there was no danger and handed me to a nurse for peroxide and iodine treatment.

I continued worrying, however, and other symptoms came. I went dizzy and had to leave my work. My husband is very patient with me. He took me to the panel doctor who said there was no poison in the wound, but to make assurance doubly sure he gave me some M. and B. tablets. The symptoms were all due to nerves and imagination.

I am still worrying, Humanist. That is the way with everything that happens to me. I am quite brave about other things, but physical ills make me such a coward. Are there any other people like me? I hope not. And am I really a coward? I hope you will be able to understand me.

There are plenty of people like that, victims of a "phobia," and I think the trouble affects more men than women. I have known men make a terrible hullabulloo over a cut or a sting, yet they have faced serious illness with commendable courage.

It's never a healthy sign to think too much about health. People who feel their pulse and take their temperatures every time they get a pain are asking for trouble.

NEXT comes a letter from a woman who complains of her husband's cowardice.

He is a good man in many respects, she writes, always good tempered, a good worker, and well liked; but he is a coward at heart.

The letter is so long that I can only summarise it. The woman says she was insulted by the people next door and told her husband to go and demand an apology. After some hesitation he went and heard the other side of the story. To the wife's annoyance he half believed it.

I told my husband that I was convinced he was a coward and should leave him. He told me that the reason he did not fight the man next door was that many years before he struck a man who died as a result, and he was accused of manslaughter. He was acquitted, but since then he had never dared to fight.

The wife is sure that the whole story is false, invented to cover his cowardice. She said she would ask his mother about it, but he said his mother knew nothing about the affair. She just can't believe that yarn.

I feel very unhappy, Humanist, she continues.

I have tried in every way to alter him. He just stays in a rut and will not accept responsibilities. It makes life hard for me. If he isn't man enough to be loyal to me I might as well be on my own. I feel worried at the thought of growing old with him.

There are several other things wrong with this man. He takes everything for granted, never says a word of appreciation, and seems indifferent to his wife's health. Altogether it is a long story of discontent.

The aggressive type of man would jump at the chance, but the majority of men are not aggressive. They will sacrifice a great deal for the sake of peace.

MANY men will share the husband's unwillingness to demand an apology of neighbours with whom the wife has quarrelled.

The wife wants to alter her man, to change him into a fierce, two-fisted he-man; but she will never achieve that by calling him a coward. She took him for better for worse, and she will never be happy until she accepts him for what he is—a mixture of good and bad qualities, like the rest of us.

A woman can admire a man for his virtues and hate him for his shortcomings; but if she loves him she must love the whole man, faults and all!

The third letter is from a man who thinks that some people are born without any sense of fear while others are born cowards.

I am a mixture myself, he says. **I stood up to the *blitz* quite well, but I should get into an awful flap if I had to make a speech. I suppose I am lacking in moral courage.**

I have known several men who swear they are afraid of nothing in the world, but there are quite a lot of things I funk—going to the dentist or reporting a fellow who is playing a dirty game.

What I want to ask is whether it is possible to raise the pitch of one's personal courage? Can it be done? If so, how?

It can be said at once that it is possible to do a thing one is afraid of doing. This sounds like a paradox, but it works in practice. You can make yourself do it in spite of your fear.

Once in the presence of danger most of us find that it is not half as bad as it looked from the distance. We surprise ourselves in moments of crisis.

"I refuse to be frightened!" said a medical friend of mine during a heavy air raid in 1940. "If they kill me, they kill me; but I decline to spend the time in dithering."

He is still going strong, working too many hours, but cheerful and confident as ever.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

VOICE

Seeing Paulette Goddard at a U.S. Army Show made an English soldier envious of American entertainment facilities

PAULETTE GODDARD, in person, charms some of the boys serving in India, and impresses Cpl. G. T. Mourton, Special Force Signals, India Command, who writes to his mother at Lordship Lane, London, N.17:

We all had a surprise on Sunday. Paulette Goddard, William Gargan and Keenan Wyne visited the Americans at their camp which is close to ours. They invited us to see the show.

Paulette was not quite so glamorous as on the screen, but it was a first-rate show. Later she came out on the stage wearing a nifty little red skirt and a brassiere, and gave a bright little speech.

Then we went round back-stage and saw her at close quarters. A nice little thing, very tiny, has a good figure, and is very friendly and charming.

What a difference in the entertainments provided by the Americans for their troops compared with the entertainments our troops don't get!

They have a new film to see every two nights, while during the period of three years that we have been abroad, the only free entertainment we have had is six indifferent film shows from a mobile cinema!

There is something radically wrong with the amenities side of our Army!

YOU CAN'T COME UNSTUCK WITH "GUNK"

IF you are anything of a handyman you'll have dreamed of a perfect glue which will stick anything to anything—and so securely that no man can put them asunder.

And, like most of us, you will have reluctantly put the dream aside and done your best with the old glue-pot.

* * *

But there is one man who never put that dream aside.

He is a pleasant, unruffled man in the forties, his name is Gordon Saunders, his occupation that of a chemical engineer whose speciality is paint and synthetic resins.

Not until someone idly asked him just *what* made paint stick so hard to the surface of a car did he hit upon the long-sought idea.

When you come to think about it, it is obvious that it would be nearly impossible to *pull* paint away from the surface on which it lies; and with this in mind, Mr. Saunders devised a magical new resin.

Its composition must remain a secret, at any rate for the present, because it has gone straight to work in the Allied war effort, and has been adopted by at least fifty war production concerns in twelve months.

For example, a certain aircraft stabiliser which a few months ago used up 5,500 rivets in its assembly now needs only thirty. The new glue takes the place of the remaining 5,470.

And the resulting component is not only stronger than the original, but the manufacturing process costs only one-tenth of what it did before.

Mr. Saunders calls his new substance "gunk." The authorities have given it a more dignified title: cycleweld.

Any demonstration of "gunk" is impressive.

Mr. Saunders has a quite simple one, which consists of smearing two large pieces of sheet iron with "gunk," squeezing them together in a heated clamp, and then turning a hefty blacksmith loose on the result with a hammer and cold chisel.

It's the blacksmith who comes unstuck!

No matter if he works himself into a lather or a decline, he can't even start the sheets budging apart.

The same results can be obtained in binding together materials of completely different textures. Metal can be glued to wood, glass, rubber, and a host of synthetic substances.

All-wooden aeroplanes — of which Britain's Mosquito is the most famous example—will probably be produced at a quarter of the cost and time now involved, and will weigh only a third of their prototypes.

Car design, too, will be affected in countless ways, as will the manufacture of furniture.

* * *

Experts who have tested the glue envisage everything in future as being stronger and lighter, a typical example being a builder's "beam" or "girder" made of multiple layers of crossed plywood bonded together by "gunk."

And "gunk" has performed near miracles which must not be talked about yet!

PATRICK SPENCER.

OF THE TROOPS

The Road to Tiberias

Catching the bus in Haifa, Palestine, can be a trying business. B/Sgt. J. Elliott writes to his niece at Southmoor Road, Walkergate, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

On Saturday I went to the bus station order to make the journey to Tiberias. enquired from a prospective fellow aveller what time the bus would arrive, d was told "issa bejs," in other words, 's coming now.

Half an hour later it was still coming, t it did arrive an hour later, when I as almost killed in the rush to get on oard.

I had no seat, and was standing when e bus driver saw me and apparently cided that he could not have a military traffic sergeant travelling so uncomfortably in his bus, so he promptly rned out of their seats the first two ssengers he could reach, and invited e to sit down, "Ya Siweesh" (please, rgeant).

Then, although the bus was crowded th passengers anxious to get away, the river now decided that we two must ve coffee at a near-by café before the urney began. So after a leisurely rink we returned to the bus and the urney began; first stop Nazareth.

Now we were bowling along in fine yle; babies crying, men arguing and omen nattering, while the ancient hicle careered along at a steady 20 lometres per half-day.

Then we were stopped by would-be ssengers at the roadside. With a inding of brakes we lurched to a andstill to pick up the new passengers, d then the fun began. There was a rrific and prolonged debate between r driver-cum-conductor and the new ssengers on the question of fares, and was called as an expert to give a ciding vote.

My decision was that the goat (there s a goat with the party) and the ild should count as a single full fare! hen all was peace and smiles again, d off we went with a joyful toot on e horn. I having gained a bogus reputation for possessing the wisdom of lomon, and enjoying the friendship everybody on the bus!

Eggs at 1s. 6d. Each

Men fighting in Italy can get all the eggs they want—at a price! Pte. J. Dollan writes to his brother at Baillieston, Lanarkshire, during an after-battle rest:

At the moment I am writing under shade of a big tree. In front of me an opened tin of fifty good cigarettes, d there are three others unopened in old haversack! Also, there are two rs of milk chocolate and two boxes of ers—all free issue!

have also acquired for cash 1½ kilos cherries, and I had intended to buy s from the same source, until I heard price, which was 1s. 6d. each! I can without them.

Racing in a Good Cause

A prisoner of war since 1940, Pte. F. Harding, in a German camp, writes to his mother at Lynemouth, Morpeth, Northumberland, telling of how funds are raised for the British Red Cross:

Please tell Bob and Mona my regrets not being able to attend the wedding. no home-leave is granted at these ps!

Recently we had a two-day race meeting here in aid of the British Red Cross, en a sum of over 5,000 marks (about 0) was raised, and that was from our p of 160 men. Other large camps nge similar events, but I think we the record. Nothing we can do is much for the British Red Cross. lope to see you soon!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice", JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Not on the Programme

A symphony concert at Bombay had its unrehearsed excitements. Cpl. A. Mears, R.A.F., writes to his mother at Magdalene Gardens, East Ham, London, E.6:

The symphony orchestra was very good and there was a little additional excitement at last night's concert. It was during the opening overture, when the violinists were waiting with their bows poised. The conductor was going into contortions all over the place, then he swept down his arms to bring in the violins.

An enthusiastic violinist thereupon brought his bow down with such vigour that he overbalanced off his chair and rolled off the stage. On the variety stage this would have brought the house down, but the conductor was not amused and completely ignored the poor bloke who fell from grace, to say nothing of the stage, out of sheer enthusiasm.

With a little coaching that violinist would develop into a first-class variety turn.

THANKS, HITLER!

JOHN BULL has selected just one of the many Readers' Views on the subject of flying bombs that typifies the sentiments of all the others—and the opinion of JOHN BULL *itself:*

Your pilotless 'plane is a flop, Hitler, not only literally, but metaphorically.

We were sure of victory before you sent your wandering wonder over our housetops, but now we are doubly sure. You see, it has told us so much!

You admit you can't spare your once-vaunted *Luftwaffe* pilots to send over England.

You admit you can't spare the 'planes or the bombs to bomb us.

You reveal that your lying henchman, Goebbels, has failed to keep up your people's belief in you. You needed a secret weapon to bolster up the average German's wavering faith.

So you and your gang are terrified at the thought of what is happening, and what you know will happen in France, in Italy and on your Eastern borders. You seek to hide your fear and your people's fear in the buzzing and thunder of your new toy.

Where shells have failed, bombs have failed, propaganda has failed and your army has failed, can you, grasping like a dying man, at a straw, really hope your buzz-bomb will succeed?

Once you had accurate weapons, with a deadly aim, but these are random weapons incapable of accurate aim. Can they succeed where the others failed?

Thank you for letting your clever little Goebbels tell the Nazis that we are actually evacuating England for France. It's good that you have built up an artificial rejoicing in your country. Go on lying about this futile terror-weapon, the bigger the build-up, the bigger the crash when the truth of the Allied successes reaches home—your home.

Thank you, again, Hitler, for letting us know these things. We guessed we were doing well. Thank you for proving it beyond any shadow of doubt.

A SOUTHERN ENGLANDER.

BATTLE OF THE BUZZ-BOMB

FLYING BOMBS—"doodle bugs" or "buzz bugs," some call them—can't win the war.

They are destructive both to life and property.

They disturb our sleep and make us nervy. They fall on us, too, both in the day-time and the night, so that the strain on many people is more continuous than was the blitz.

But their effect on the world conflict is as negligible as a fly that must be swatted.

The war is being won on the plains of Poland. It is being won on both sides of the spine of Italy. It is being won on the farmlands of Normandy.

And the plain truth is that it will be won all the quicker because the stupid Nazis, instead of building the fighters and bombers of which they are now so woefully short that their troops cry "Where is the Luftwaffe?" wasted their time on what, comparatively, is a toy.

And so, on all the three fronts on which they fall back, reeling, the Allies are masters of the air.

Mind you, we owe a lot to "Intelligence." Fortunately, we were warned, months ago, by our agents in Germany that experiments on a new weapon of warfare were being made at Peenemuende, a secret testing station in Pomerania.

Suddenly, that was heavily bombed and put out of action. So Germany lost the result of months of labour.

Then it became known that the Nazis had a flying bomb which was to be projected into the air, it was believed from near Calais. Soon this became a hundred firing-points, some nearly as far west as Havre.

"The new bomb can be fired 170 miles," we are told. "The aim is pretty certain and it can do great damage."

And the plan. Intelligence warned us, was to use it at the time of our Invasion—either on the eve of embarkation, which was to be disturbed by paratroops who would cut our lines of communication, or else when we were driven back off the beaches in a defeat planned to synchronise with panics caused in England by the launching of the new weapon.

Anyway, neither of these two things happened.

LONDON PRIDE

Our landing, a miracle of organisation, was successfully accomplished, despite the bad weather—and, ever since, we and the Americans have moved forward.

"Lord Haw-Haw," as people foolishly call William Joyce, the ex-Mosleyite traitor, screams about "V1" as he calls the flying bomb. He promises "V2," and perhaps "V3"—new terrors to come. But the threats come too late.

You cannot demoralise a people that see victory in sight—especially when they are the same people who could not be demoralised by a much worse blitz in days so dark that all seemed lost.

Why, then, did the Government hide the truth from the nation, and from the world, for three whole weeks?

We were allowed to see a photograph of Churchill in his new uniform as honorary colonel of the Royal Sussex Regiment—this titular distinction is held by the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports—watching doodle bugs in a wheat-field.

And we were allowed to read, too, how he said to his daughter Mary, "How are you enjoying it?" and her answer, "Fine, Dad."

But the tragic—yes, and the glorious—fact that, once again, the London whose heroism saved civilisation by standing firm in 1940 was once again in the front line was hidden from the world by our War Cabinet.

This Wing-Commander holds the record for downing doodles

True, the world was told by the German wireless, and by Franco's wireless; but they also told lies, which we did not contradict, about how London was a blazing fury of flames and that the Metropolis had been deserted by a fear-haunted populace.

The figures of the casualties should have been published. They were small in number—one bomb one killed, or 2,752 killed in three weeks—that is, compared with the stories that spread across the provinces and Scotland and Wales.

REVENGE WASTES TIME

Secrecy always breeds rumours. Rumours grow as they spread.

Why on earth did we use the evasion "South of England" when every neutral diplomat was sending home to his Foreign Minister the truth which millions knew in England?

"The Cockney can take it" was a boast in 1940. Why should it, in 1944, become a secret?

It may be argued that, as the weapons firing the projectiles were fixed, news of the result was more important than when bombs were dropped from man-driven planes. But, all the same, Germany knew that London had been hit frequently.

I do know, though, that the cries for "revenge" will fall on deaf ears, and rightly so. We must not allow "doodle bugs" or any other nuisance to alter the master strategy that was evolved at Teheran and which, so far, has been brilliantly successful. That has for its object the complete destruction of the German armies in every field of warfare.

"Revenge" does not win wars. It wastes time.

Why, many of the people who once called for the bombing of Rome—and when we hadn't any spare bombers!—now rejoice that the monuments of Rome have been spared.

To transfer one bomber that, when the bad weather has allowed, has been pounding the roads on which Rommel relies for his reinforcements, or that is chasing Kesselring to his doom, for the purposes of a "revengeful" raid on a German town would be a betrayal of our men on the battlefields of France and Italy.

Hitler is wasting his ammunition. We are using ours.

Hitler is losing. We and our Allies are climbing the hill of Victory.

Soon, before a few months have passed, it will all be over. Then we must start to build again—this time, I trust, on the solidity of a peace based on justice.

Hannen Swaffer

Gorgeous - Adorable You!

You are glamorous—you are irresistible—you have captured that lasting loveliness which only *Poudre Tokalon* can give, the fascinating face powder made with the exclusive "mousse of cream" formula.

Stays on all day. Full range of glamorous shades

POUDRE Tokalon

Extra Width

so cleverly concealed in Portland shoes, relieves the strain of standing and assures you of full foot comfort, even on the busiest day.

Portland

STYLE · COMFORT SHOES

T. ROBERTS & SONS LTD., PORTLAND SHOE WORKS, LEICESTER

A Smile that's worth while

A real Odol Smile is almost a National Asset these days. Don't take any chances with it. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. So take no chances. Use Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Keep the winning Odol *Smile!*

TOOTH-PASTE
TOOTH-POWDER
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The Good-tempered

SHEFFIELD BLADE

It isn't possible to make a better razor blade than the Laurel. Only the finest Sheffield steel is used for these blades, which are processed by the skilled workers in the 'home of the cutting edge.' Save as you shave and invest your shaving savings in War Savings Stamps.

LAUREL

Made by George Lawrence Ltd., of Sheffield

CVS-13

LAST LAUGH

E. D. S. J. (Frinton).—"I find that supporting sticks are not necessary for dwarf peas." These can easily be reached by the birds from the ground.

D. B. U. (Sandown). — "The Allies will chase Hitler to Berchtesgaden." The Fuehrer has doubtless planned a severe scorched carpet policy.

F. V. (Dunedin).—"A new type of table-napkin has a buttonhole in one corner to fasten it to a waistcoat button." For the really hearty eater there should be buttonholes in two corners to hook on to the back stud.

Bob (Edgware). — "Not many men, I guess, believe in dreams." This is, not after they have married one.

B. B. (Stepney). — "The war seems to benefit most workers, but in my line the outlook is still black." Sweep?

C. F. (Worksop).—"Please tell me how long girls should abstain from meals." The same period as short girls.

B. B. (Erith).—"The man who can produce a rabbit out of a hat is still sure of the attention of the multitude." Even the man who can produce a rabbit at all has his appreciators.

N. L. (Bude).—"The first man I worked for used to pay me in five-shilling pieces." Just to make you think you were earning big money?

P. P. (Torquay).—"Every seaside resort should have a public museum." Then schoolchildren might have a chance to see something like a fish.

F. G. (Dover).—"What is wrong, according to the older generation, with the girl of to-day?" She isn't the girl of yesterday.

W. N. (Goole).—"It is announced that post-war education plans are completed." So cigarette cards *are* coming back!

M. D. (Lincoln).—"The person who is apt to get run down can't expect to reach an advanced age." That is if run down by a lorry.

E. J. (Harrow).—"A new novel ends with the hero proposing to the heroine and being refused." They lived happily ever after?

V. V. (Kendal).—"I have found something that eliminates any ills arising from a furred kettle." A saucepan?

D. F. (Manaton). — "We can never make a fit return to the United States for the millions of boys sent over here." You'll never get millions of our girls to believe that.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"What I wants to find out from you, Doc, is: Ain't I still good enough to 'elp on beach'eads and bring up the rum?"

Side-Slips

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"Mr. L——, Sen., who is 61 years of age and looks more fit than many men 20 years his SENIOR. . . ."

STAR:—". . . a youth appeared with a German flask full of Normandy WIND, and after we had drunk . . ."

EVENING ARGUS:—"He saw the lorry come round the BEND, but thought there was room to pass without a collision."

COUNTY HERALD:—". . . and carried bouquets of SCABIES."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"An accountant was engaged to rectify the TERROR, and on Saturday, I informed . . ."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"dropped probably between 2,000 and 3,000 tons of TOMBS on Friday."

STAR:—". . . and transports hidden in a FOOD near the coast."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Most of us are beginning to feel war strain in some form or other; and most of us indulge in a certain amount of grumbling.

Yet those who have most ground for complaint are often the least complaining.

The appeals for aid which are addressed to our War Sufferers' Fund, for example, are nearly always couched in simple terms—merely statements of stark facts: "I am unemployed through illness"—"I have been invalided out"—"I have been in hospital for four weeks. . . ."

Behind these simple phrases are stories of adversity bravely borne and desperate struggles to make both ends meet in cases where misfortune has been piled upon misfortune.

So, if your own burdens are light by comparison, will you help to ease those of others? Donations are welcomed for JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and are allocated fairly among the many deserving cases on our books.

Every penny sent means real help, for all administrative costs are met by us.

Acknowledgment will be sent where names and addresses are given; but those who prefer to remain anonymous may do so. Full lists of current subscriptions are furnished on request.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

First Prize £100—'BULLETS' 1,432

M. S. Wilson, 4, Frederick Gdns., New Penshaw, Philadelphia, Co. Durham, for this "Bullet":—

WON'T BE EASY
FROM "HURRICANE" TO "EIGHT-THIRTY"!

£10: Miss M. Bailey, 30, Birch Tce., Hr. Baxenden, Accrington.
The New Blitz—"Digging Out" Old Comradeship.

£5: W. H. Moore, Wilderswil, Chalvington Rd., Chandlersford, Hants.
Closing In—On Germany, Truth's "Forces."

£4: A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Rd., Bradford.
The New Jerusalem—Dichards "Sending to Jerlene"?

£3: H. Ager, 36, The Green, Kingsthorpe, Northampton.
Won't Be Easy—"Educating" Germans—They're Clever!

£2: S. Scott, 15, Ashbrooke, Monkseaton.
The War Machine—"Pounds On" Are Yours?

CASH, CAKES, PENS See other next page!

30s.: A. Neel, 50, Belvedere Rd., Bexley Heath.
The New Weapon—Unbeatable? RAF "Exploding" That!

30s.: E. Barrett, 12, Jamaica St., Dundee, Angus.
Poor Granny's—Bones Worrying? No, Bones!

24s.: F. G. Cooke, 193, Kinson Rd. East, Bournemouth.
The New Devilry—A *Godsend* To Goebbels.

22s.: H. Wright, 8, Cooper Rd., Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
Poor Pasture—For "Lambs." Donate "Battlefield."

20s.: D. Hardy, Jubilee Cotts., Datchworth, Knebworth.
Honour The Brave And—Wish Auntie's "Hem" Luck!

A list of 300 winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices: 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

PRIZE-WINNING ANSWERS, X-WORDS AND LAUGH-LINES

To help readers of Bulletin and Gazette whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond "John Bull's" control, here are Answers from issue dated Saturday, July 15.

X-words No. 884. WINNING WORDS: 1. HOPE. 2. NEAT. 3. PAILS. 4. STEAM. 5. RIFE. 6. FLAT. 7. RAG. 8. GORSE. 9. CANTOR. 10. PLAY. 11. STRIDE. 12. HIT. 13. STORY. 14. COUNT. KEY LETTERS: J—C—E—H.

LAUGH-LINES No. 174.

KNITTED GARMENTS FOR ALL

A wonderful practical book containing over 200 patterns, photographs and diagrams.

A two-colour jersey made from this book will "spotlight" your charm.

This invaluable money-and-coupon-saving work—"KNITTED GARMENTS FOR ALL,"—shows in over 200 patterns, photographs and diagrams, how to make beautiful frocks, thrilling pull-overs, cardigans, jerseys, cosy and chic undies, hats, gloves, etc.

But that's not all. This book enables every woman to knit pullovers, underwear, socks and gloves for menfolk; and to grab children of all ages ready and smartly. It shows how to make baby's "woollies" and smart, warm clothes for older boys and girls. It tells the secrets of many lovely stitches and patterns, and a special section reveals how to make new garments from old, etc., so necessary at the present time. And "John Bull" offers this book to its readers at a low Privilege Price. Remember—wartime restrictions mean a limited edition. SEND AT ONCE.

STANDARD EDITION, bound in Crash Canvas, beautifully decorated on the cover, with title on spine. Send only 5s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION, bound in rich Red Fabric, with design and title in gold. Send only 6s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

He's proud of his jersey and leggings made from the children's section.

HOW TO SECURE YOUR COPY

Fill in **Order-Label. Indicate Edition** preferred, and post with **P.O.** for correct amount to: **Odhams Press Ltd., "Knitted Garments for All," Book Dept. J.1.2, Kings Langley, Herts.** Make **P.O.** payable to **Odhams Press Ltd.,** and cross /& Co./. **Offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated clearly on label.**

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K.B.S. | J.1.2 15/7/44

This ointment kills germs — it contains 'Dettol'

Skin disorders are often slow and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal. Dettol Ointment marks a new scientific advance in the treatment of obstinate skin complaints.

This new ointment contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic which is used in nearly all our great hospitals. Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the irritation of painful sores, but sinks deep into the tissue, there to destroy the germs of infection and to help the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

DETTOL OINTMENT

From all Chemists 1/5, Large size 3/4½, including tax

ALL SPECTACLE WEARERS

should bathe their eyes regularly each day, perferably night and morning. Drop an *Optabs* Tablet into an eye-cup three-quarters full of warm water. It quickly dissolves, giving a stimulating, soothing, and perfectly sterile lotion. Being freshly made, it is at optimum therapeutic activity.

Improved Formula NON-SMARTING **10D. 2/6 & 5/6**

For those having no access to warm water, we offer **EYE LOTION LIQUID** ready for immediate use, at 2/3 per bottle.

Optabs Eye-Cups 10½d. *From all Chemists.*

DOUBLED FIRST

CAKES and FOUNTAIN PENS for "BULLETS"!

DOUBLE 1ST PRIZE **£100** **50** BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

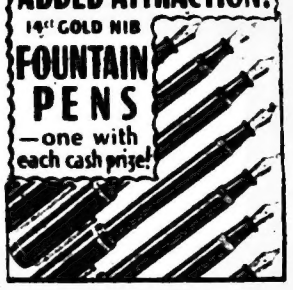
OTHER PRIZES £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

HAVE you tried *Bullets* lately? All around you to-day there are ideas for good *Bullets*—how can you let them go to waste when attractive offers are urging you to turn them into prize efforts?

This week, for instance, ***Bullets*** **First is doubled to £100, whilst other Cheques, Cakes and further awards galore are augmented by Fountain Pen presentations to all cash prize-winners.**

ADDED ATTRACTION!

14ct GOLD NIB **FOUNTAIN PENS** —one with each cash prize!



HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, an Eastbourne reader selected the *Example* DAD'S BEANS from a recent list. Upon that *Example* he built his First Prize *Bullet*, DAD'S BEANS — "SEVEN DWARFS" — *ALL* "DOPEY"!

More winners for further guidance await you in the latest *Bullets* result on page 14.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

WHEN THE WAR'S OVER
HITLER IMAGINED
THIS SUMMER
WISER MAN
FEAR AND WANT
WAITING FOR THE BANG
GERMAN GENERAL
DROPPED IN
TO OIL THE WHEELS
LOVE AND KISSES
HE'S A COMMANDO, SO
CROP OF TROUBLE
HAVE A HEART AND
GOOD FRIENDS
IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION
GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

OVER OUR HEADS
SOMETHING IN FATHER
MUST GO
IT'S A NUISANCE, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

FINISHED THE.....
HAND OF.....
POST-WAR ..... OF SUCCESS
FLYING.....
GIVE HER A.....AND

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Aug. 5. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

P.O. Value.....

No.....

"BULLETS" No. 1,436

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, JULY 24

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,436—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

WILLS'S **CAPSTAN** CIGARETTES

W.D. & H.O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD. C.C. 917

Save ½ bar of soap every washday!

Mazo peps up soap. Makes it lather better, work harder, go further. If your weekly wash is fairly large you can save half a bar of soap every washday. Mazo therefore saves your soap coupons. It saves your clothes as well, because the rich sudsy Mazo lather loosens dirt quickly and without hard rubbing. Make a test of Mazo. You'll be amazed how white it makes the clothes.

MAZO

GOOD VALUE! 3 PACKETS (9½d) FOR ONLY 1 COUPON

NORMAL METHOD

1 bar of soap required

MAZO METHOD

Only ½ bar of soap required

MZ 100-9 *Selling Agents:* JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

John White says:—

'Millions of pairs of my footwear are marching with the armed forces of the Allies. My civilian footwear though in restricted supply is still available.'

Ask for them by name

John White

Impregnable

FOOTWEAR

JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) LTD. HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

If these men out there could pause to speak to us, they would speak words of courage. Our men have never failed us, nor will they fail us now. We must not fail them, we must support them, we must SALUTE THE FIGHTING FORCES with more and yet more saving!

Issued by the National Savings Committee

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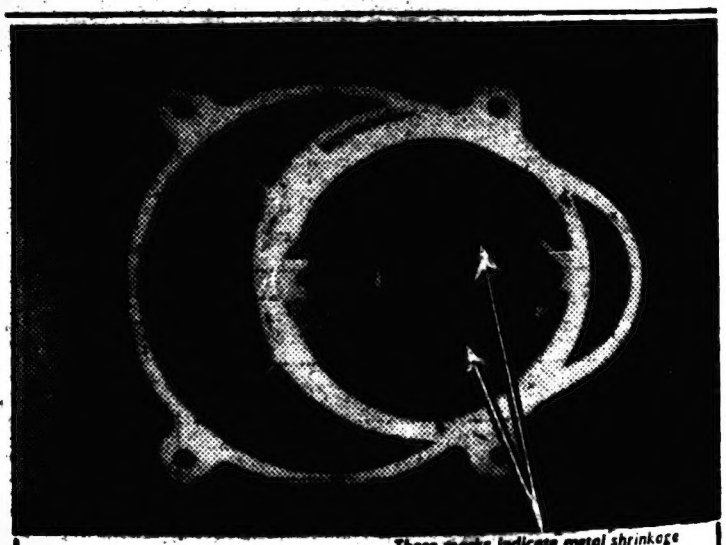
...IT'S QUICKER, SMOOTHER, COOLER

Don't throw away your shaving brush merely to get a faster shave. Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water) — for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.
Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off — like lightning!

1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax*

DOES YOUR BOY TRY TO DODGE CLEANING HIS TEETH ?
Gibbs
DENTIFRICE
Price 7½d Refills 7d
Large size Refills 11½d
Price U.K. only (including Purchase Tax)

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 241A

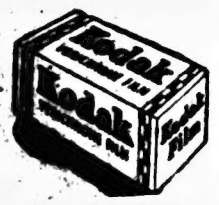


These marks indicate metal shrinkage

KODAK FILM

is in the factories helping to produce vital aircraft parts

The above X-ray picture of a light alloy casting is typical of the way radiography exposes hidden internal flaws that might cause serious breakdowns. Industrial radiography today uses up vast quantities of 'Kodak' Film. If you have difficulty in buying a spool, please remember such vital work must come first.



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